Miss America

APRIL 10¢

Want

MORE DATES?

by JUNE HAVER

BIG CASH CONTESTS!

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NOT YET ready for teens?
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Sizes 10 to 16
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Miss America

APRIL, 1947 VOLUME 5, NO. 6

In this issue

APRIL 10¢
Miss America
Want MORE DATES?
by JUNE HAVER
BIG CASH CONTESTS!

Riding round MISS AMERICA Magazine's own carousel, the newest spring suit excitement. Kitten's Ear Tweed, with whirling peplum, a parade of gold buttons. By Waldman & Co. About $30. Store list on page 58. Sally Mason's blouse peeks out; straw sailor by Ann Portny; each about $5. Wear-Right gloves, $3.50 Peggy Sage "Sky High" lipstick, $1, plus tax.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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SEE EXCITING CONTESTS— Pages 42, 43, 44, 45!

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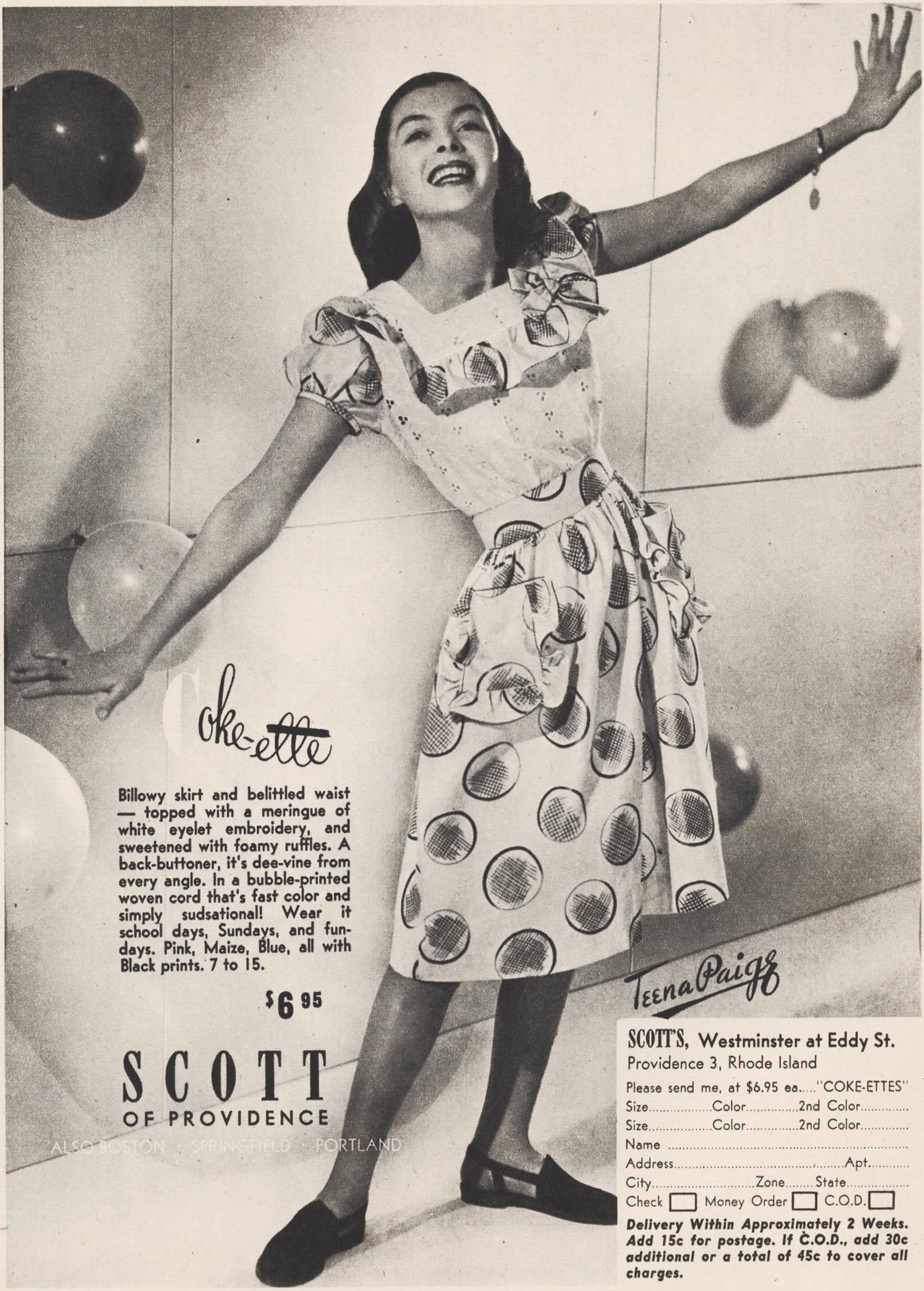

Coke-ette

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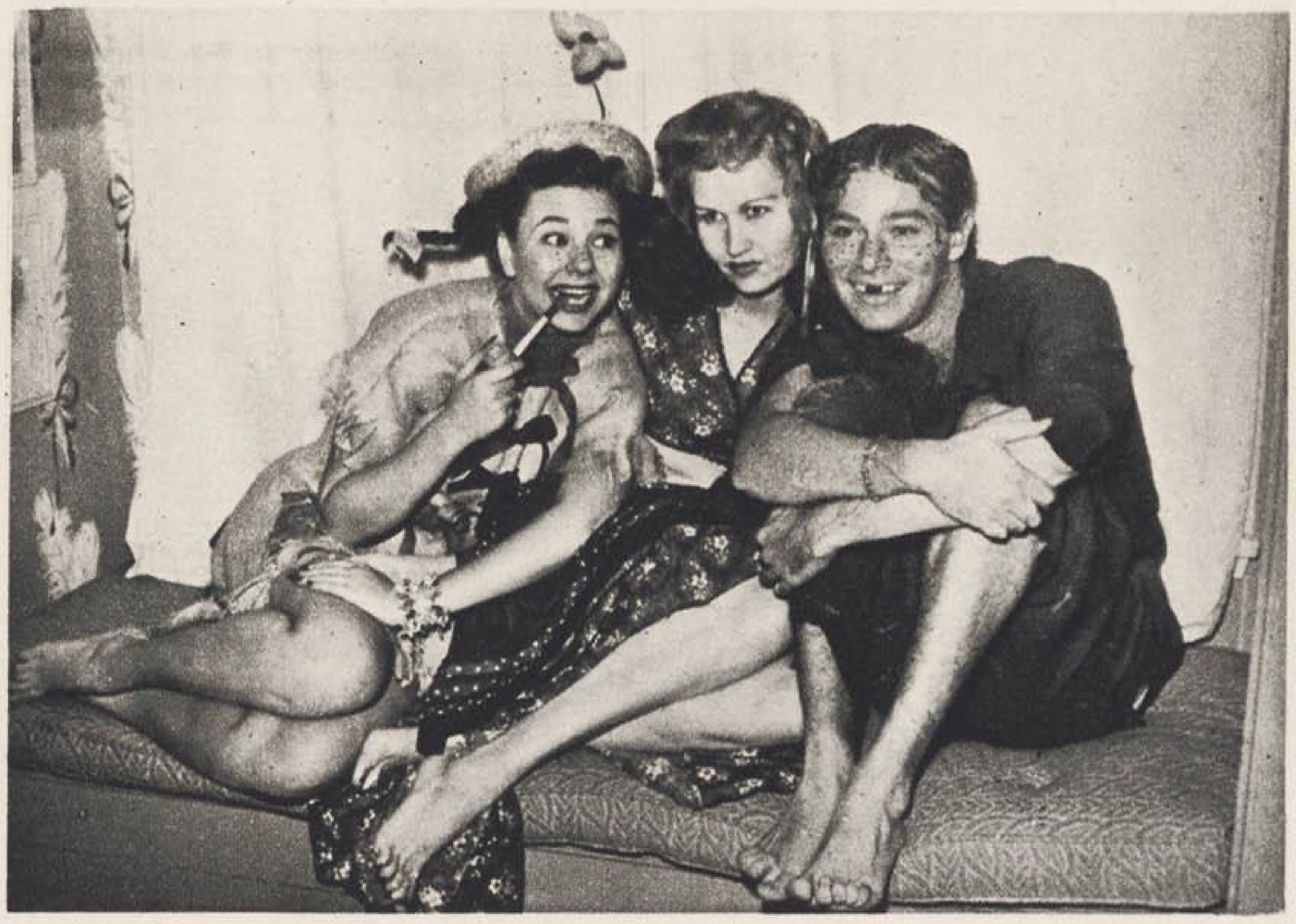
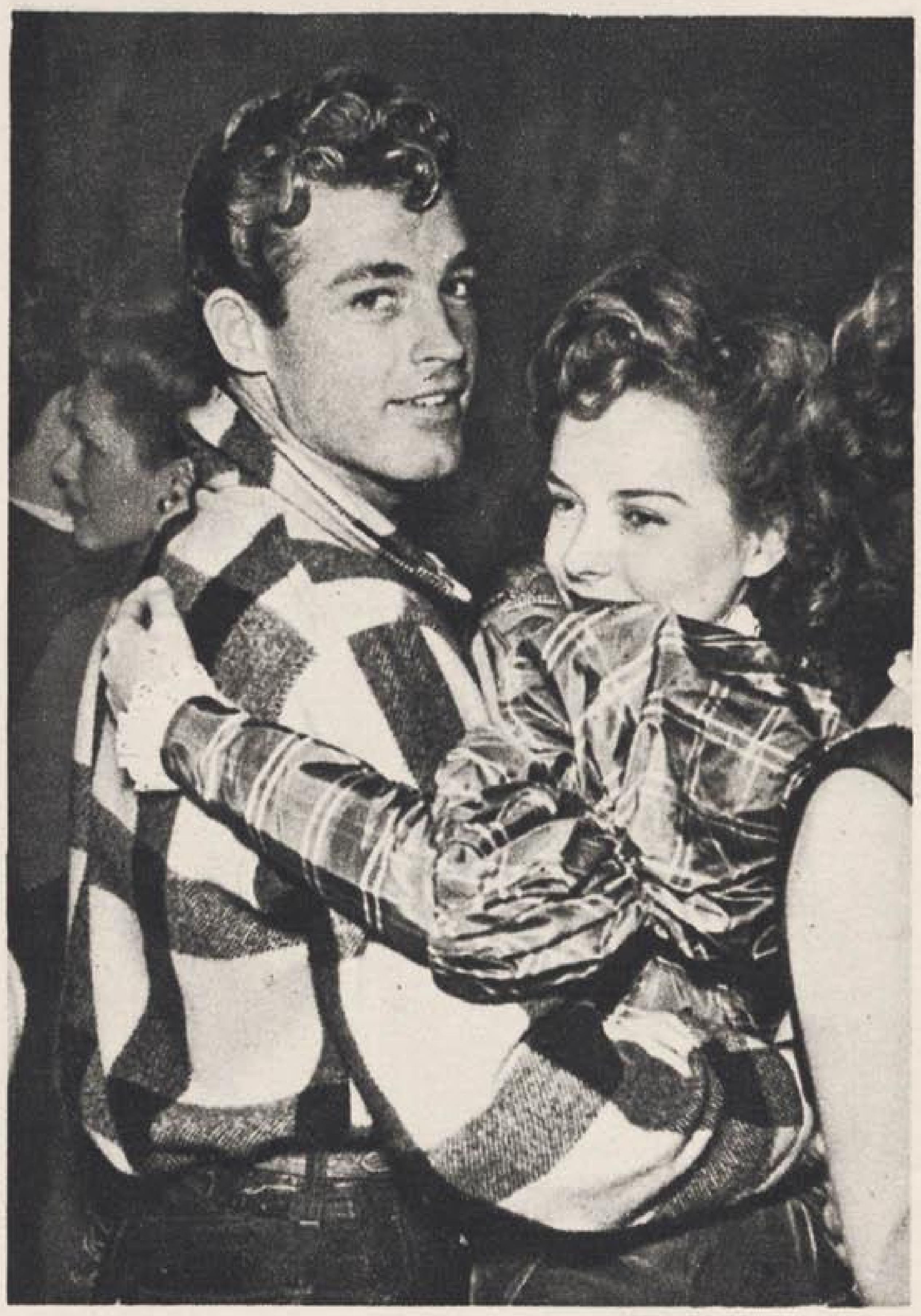


"Toeful" trio, on Sadie Hawkins Day—Jane Withers, May Mann, yokel Ross Hunter.

The Hollywood Press Photogs' ball brought out Guy Madison and cute Diana Lynn.



HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set

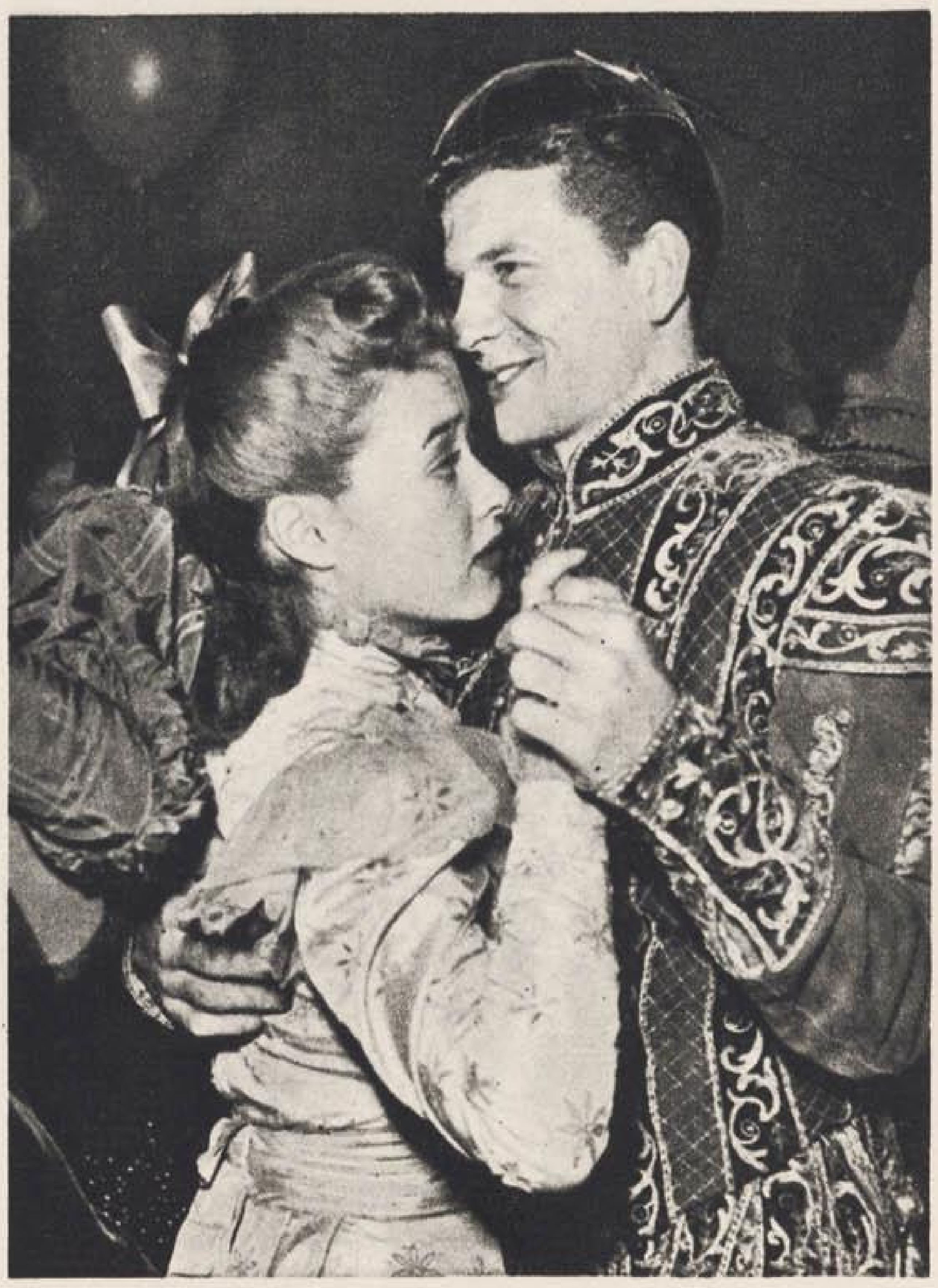
by may mann

Bzz! Bzz! May's got the latest line on your favorite filmfolk . . . Listen here!

IF you're wond'ring about what to do for a party, listen here now, while we rattle on 'bout our Lil' Abner comic-strip shindig. Remember, sweeties, last issue we mentioned the plans about throwing it on Sadie Hawkins Day?

Well, Sadie Hawkins Day sorta sneaked up on us, and took us by surprise. Steve Cochran—(did you see him in "The Chase?" Was he menacing!—even more than James Mason in "Wicked Lady"—although he's really so nice when he's Stevie Cochran)—telephoned and said, "I'm calling from Dog Patch! Tomorrow is the big day for our Sadie Hawkins Day race up Yokum Street. Now what about your brilliant idea?"

"But Stevie" we implored, "On such short notice, how can we do anything? Let's postpone it for a week, and make proper plans." "No." Steve was adamant. Even over the (*Continued on page* 66)



Jane Powell and Hal Hackett came as *Romeo and Juliet*—"Shakespearean actors".

Hear
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and
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play the hits
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them famous!

"Green Eyes"
"Marie"
"At Sundown"
"I'm Getting Sentimental
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"The Object Of My
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"Everybody's Doin' It"
"Runnin' Wild"
"I'll Never Say Never
Again Again"
"To Me"

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and
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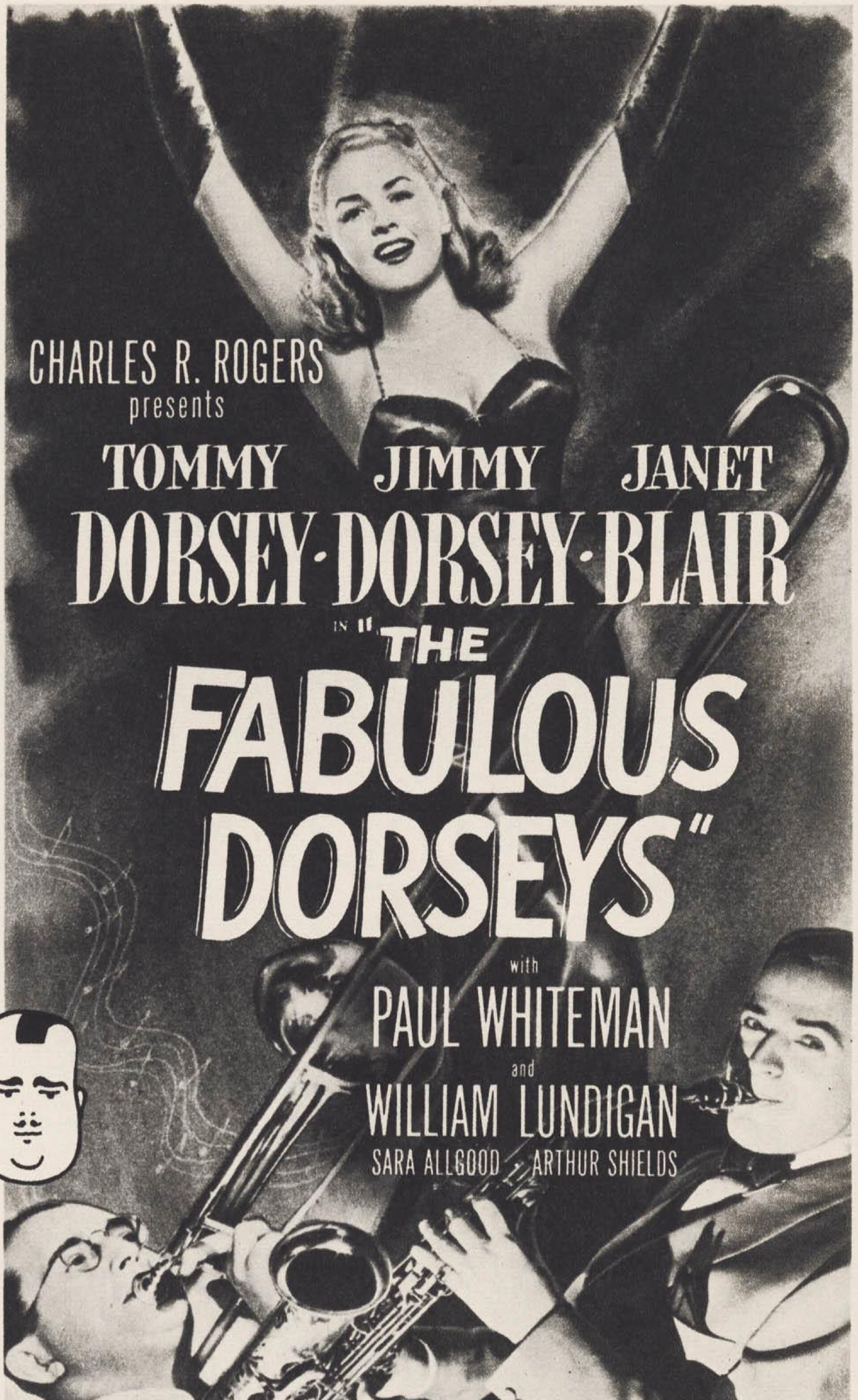

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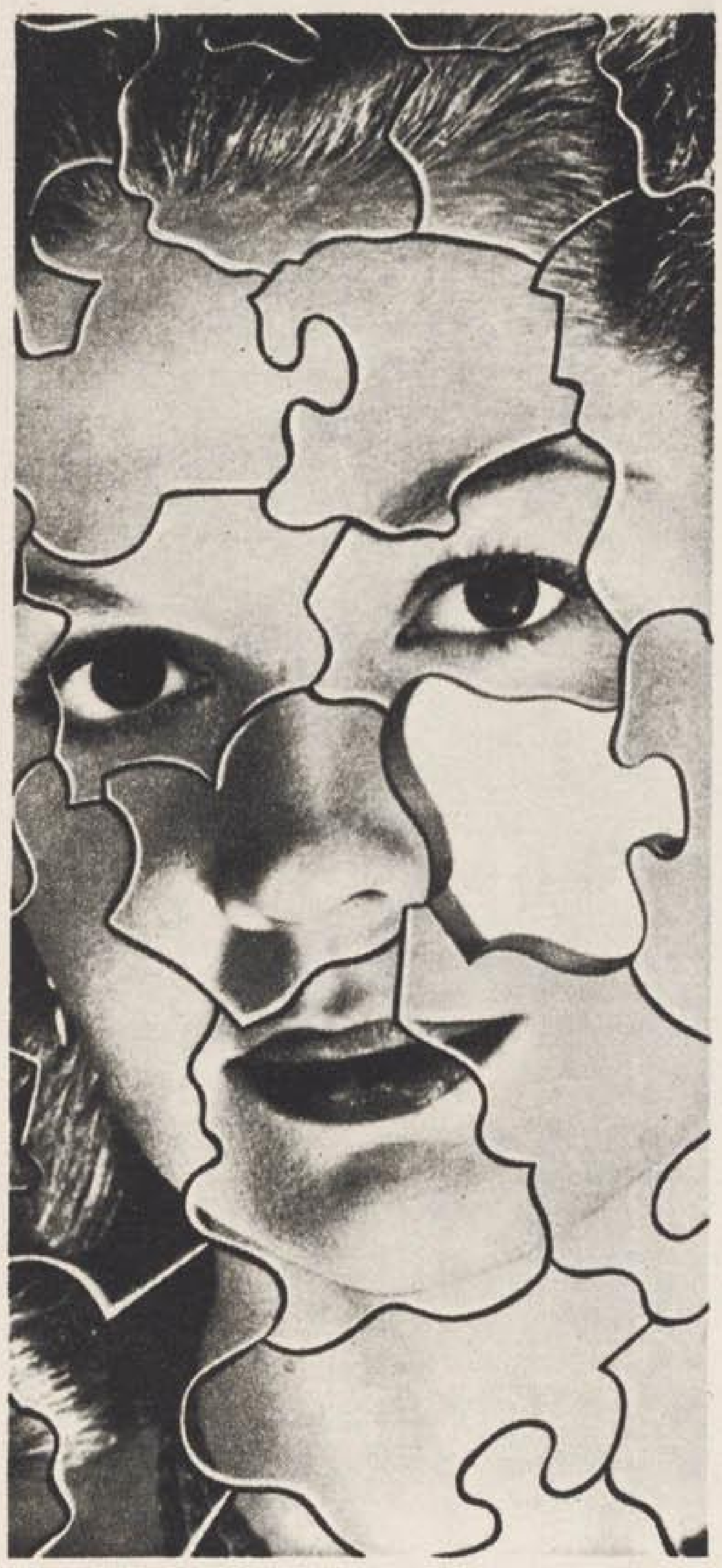

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If you're worried about externally-caused blemishes, here are 3 *don'ts* and a *do.*

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FLASHES FROM MAC

HERE it is, gang—the Contest Special! And we know you'll find it was worth waiting for as you turn over the pages of this month's MISS AMERICA Magazine and read the details about the NUCOA Cooking Contest, the FAIRFAME Ruffling Idea Contest, the CVH Painting Competition, and the Knitting and Crocheting Contests sponsored by AMERICAN THREAD. What opportunities! What prizes! Enter any or every contest, and may the best gals win!

As we go to press the tally is incomplete on the MAC "additional members" recent free-for-all. We'll have news about the winning chapters soon. Meanwhile, our staff is busy like beavers, counting and recording all those new members. Welcome, newcomers, welcome, one and all!

MAC Chapter presidents from all over metropolitan New York convened here in the Empire State Building recently to make plans for activities in which all local Chapters will participate. Big time stuff, eh? And there'll be other such meetings of our prexies, all over the country, making plans to bring your Chapter in on good times with others—which means new friends and fun for everyone.

Let's give a cheer for DIANE RUBENSTEIN, MAC Chapter 1411, who has just been assigned the important jobs of Treasurer and Financial Chairman of the International Youth Council. The Council has the very worthwhile aim of uniting the teen-agers of every nation in bonds of common interest. It is comprised of delegates from all the major youth organizations in the country and among these groups are the Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts, the Campfire Girls, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Police Athletic League, the American Women's Voluntary Services and our very own MISS AMERICA Club. (Yes, MAC keeps good company!) All affiliated organizations can send delegates to the functions of the International Youth Council. Affairs currently being planned are an International Dance and, for next autumn, an International Teen-age Congress. We're happy to do our part in this important work by keeping you informed of plans and details as they come along.

What, not in MAC yet? Well, look at all you're missing! You could get full details about how to form a Chapter, with a copy of the Constitution and By-laws, just by writing to Aileen Fogarty, Vice-Chairman of MISS AMERICA Club, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York. A word to the wise . . .

UP AHEAD WITH MISS AMERICA

POLL YOUR POPULARITY
The lowdown on what you can do to make your rating soar to the top.

TO THE MANNER BRAWN, another side splitter by your favorite humorous writer, the irrepressible Michele Small.

TRANSFORMATION PLEASE? The inside track on the road to streamlined beauty in an interview with Ann (Beauty is your Duty) Delafield.

PLUS . . . more fiction, fashion, fun and plenty of news about food—bursting through the covers of your May *Miss America.*

Miss America SPEAKS...

Corral those bright ideas, and send 'em in pronto . . . They're worth $1 apiece

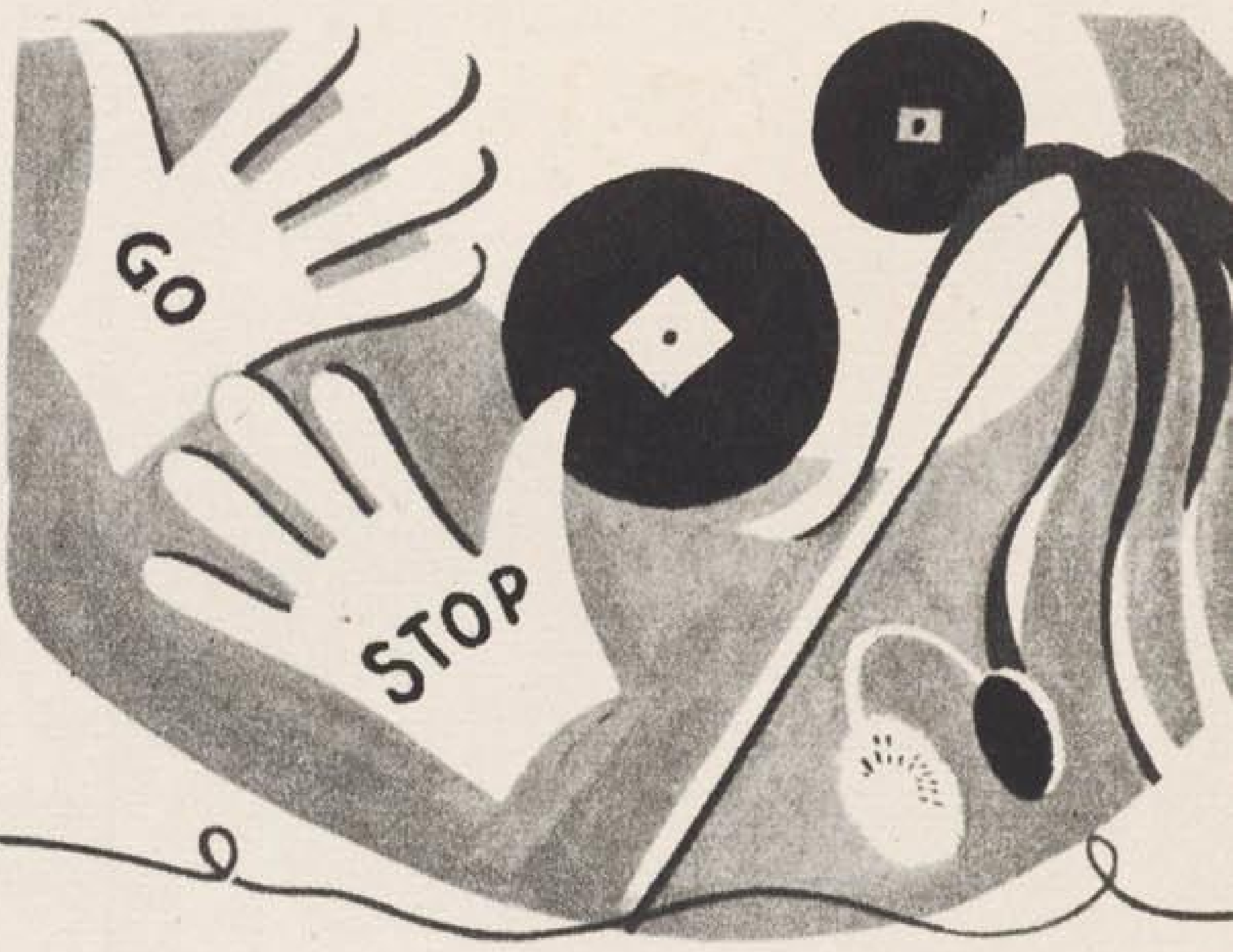
"YOU'VE read millions of times, probably, that you should have some kind of purpose in life. Well, just recently I have become a Girl With a Purpose! I want a helicopter more than anything else on earth, and decided that I'd do anything to have one. I figured out that if I saved a dollar every week, I could get one in twenty years—but I made up my mind to get one before that. How? Well, I've learned to make my own clothes (I used to hate to sew), and economize in this way. It just goes to show—never in this world would I have done it, without wanting a helicopter so badly!" MARISA MACINA

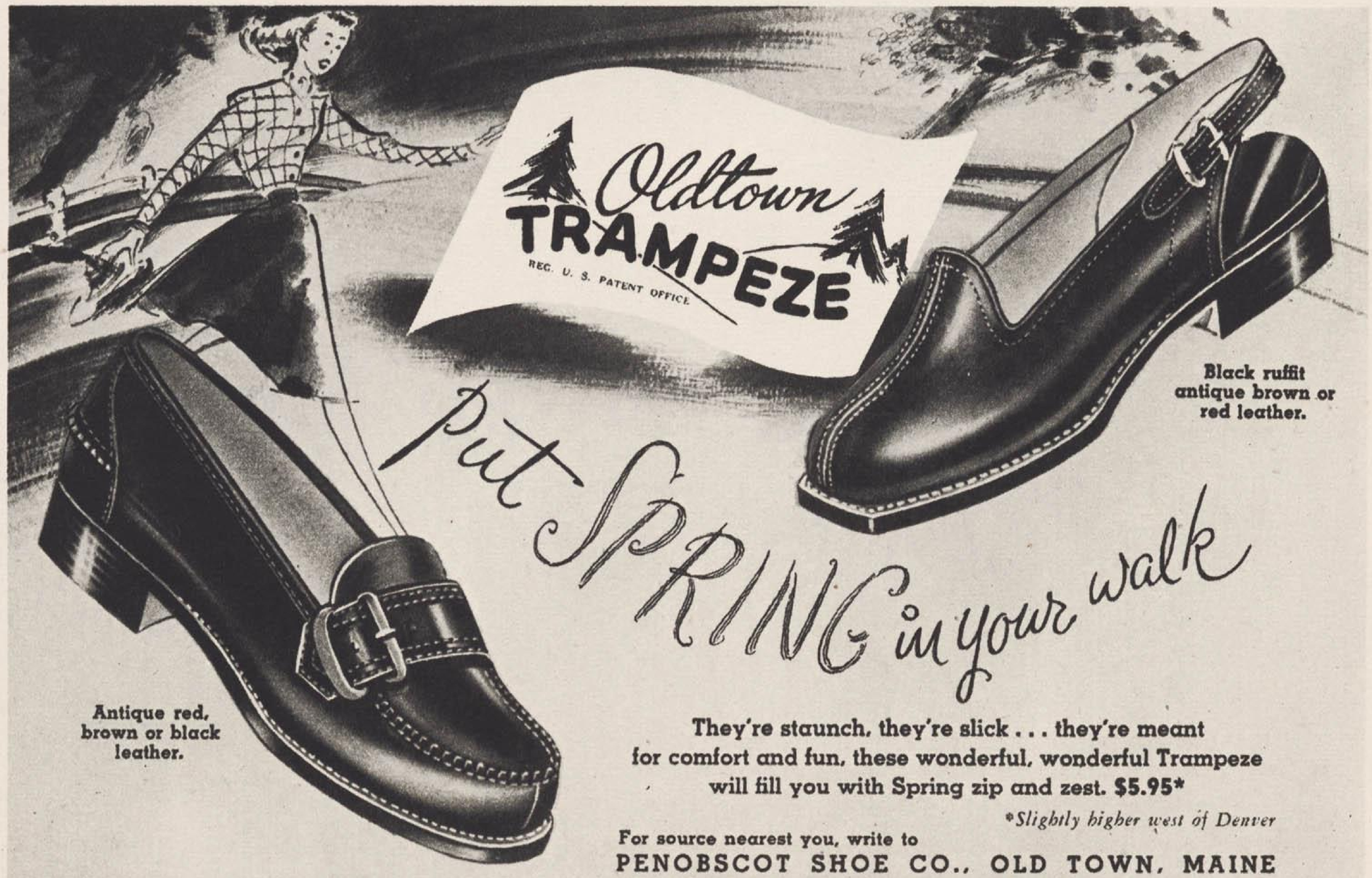
Clothes Closet

"To keep from getting holes in the toe or heel of stockings, dip them into some wax." MARGARET MYERS

"One fad that I helped start in our high school was 'school spirit'

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Black ruffit antique brown or red leather.

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it's a fresh new YOU

in **MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP**

Of course you love the glamour look you get with cake make-up. But you don't want to use *any* make-up that will dry or roughen your skin. Helena Rubinstein, world-famous for her scientific approach to beauty, blends a cake make-up that makes you look super-smooth, but keeps your skin moist and fresh, because it's made with mild, gentle, milk protein. It's *your* cake make-up—Helena Rubinstein Milk-Tone.

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SCRUB TEAM (Plus Cleanser with Sponge), 1.50

HELENA RUBINSTEIN LIPSTICKS, Crackerjack, Command Performance, Heavenly Glow, 1.00 and up

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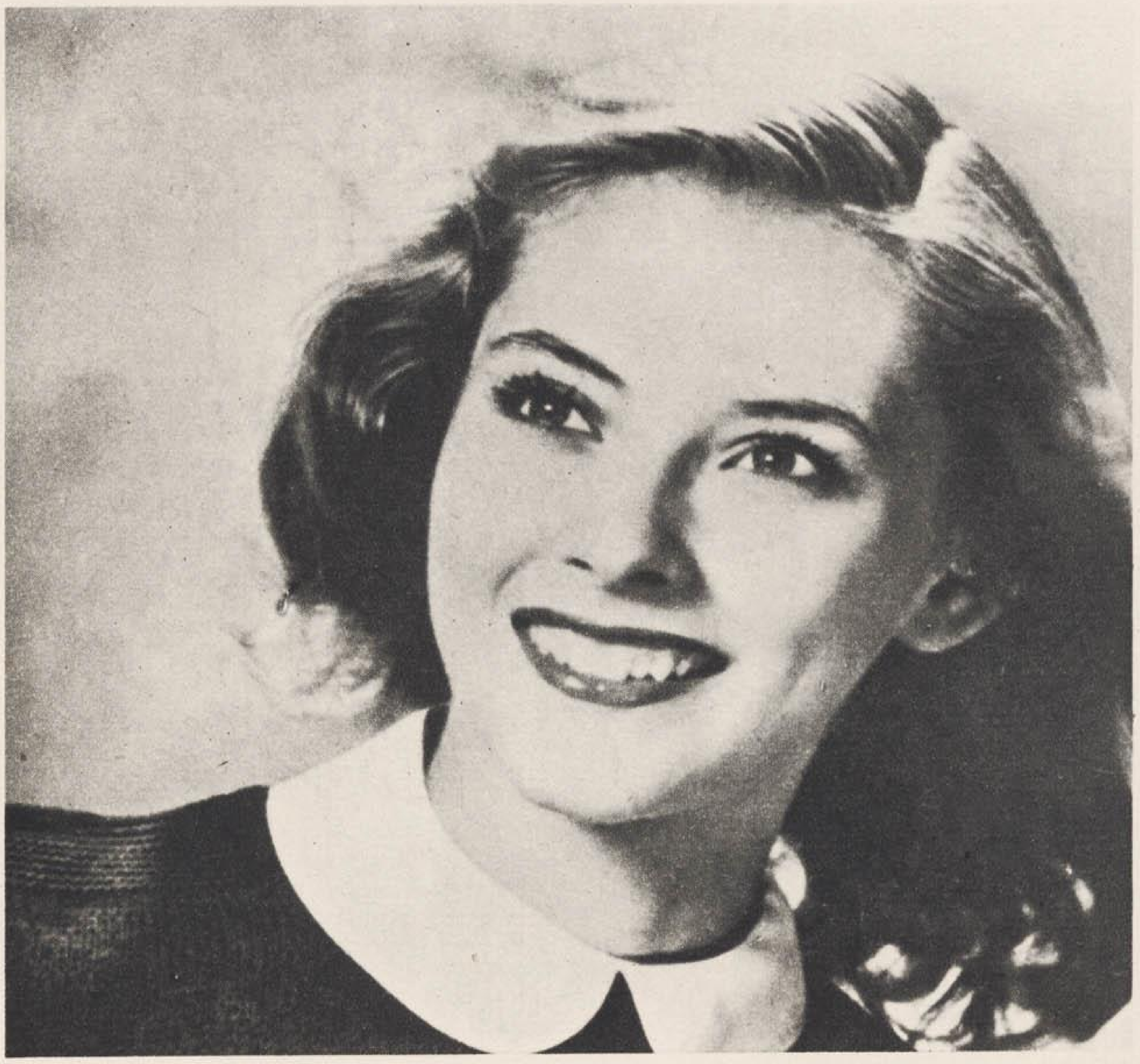

helena rubinstein

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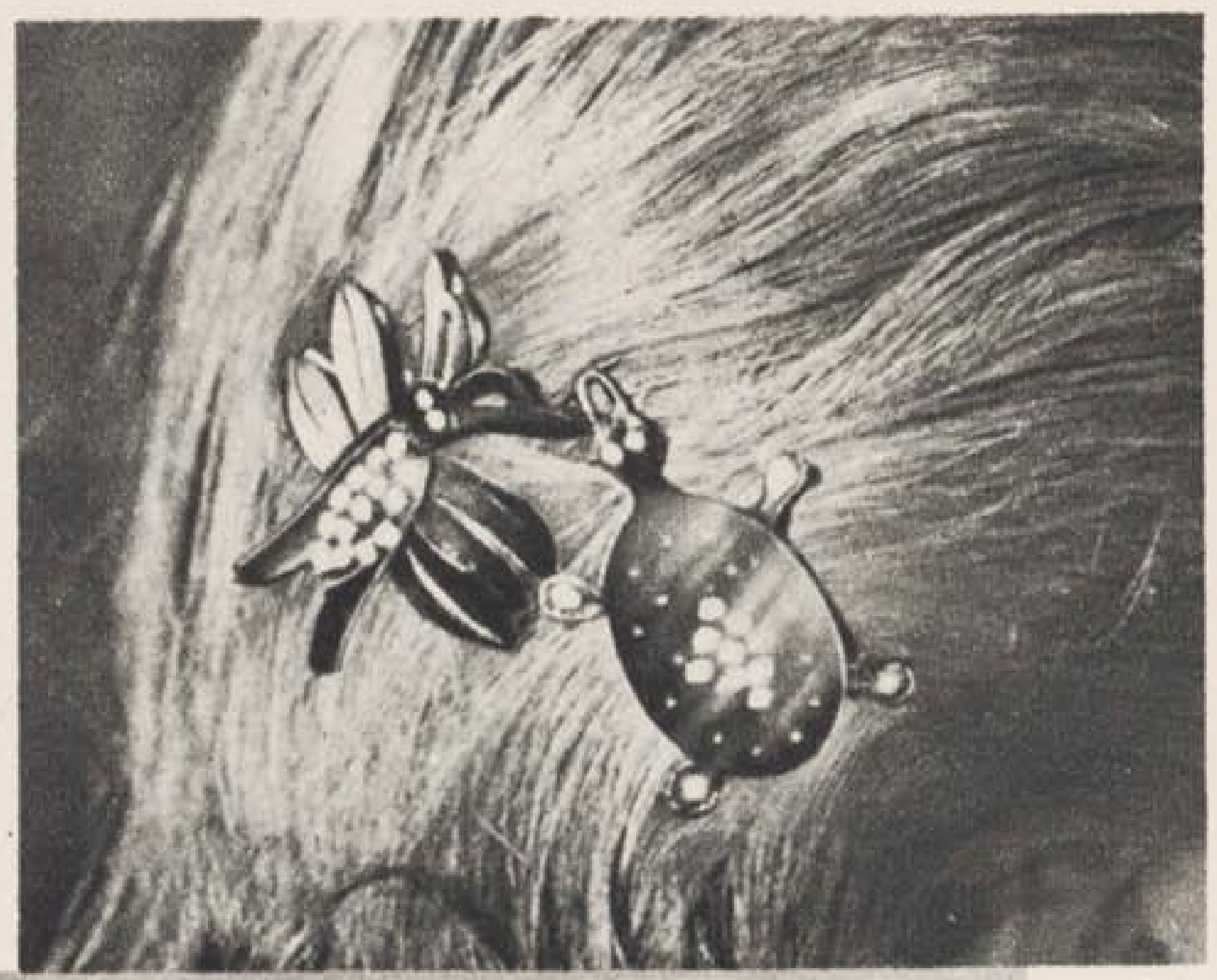
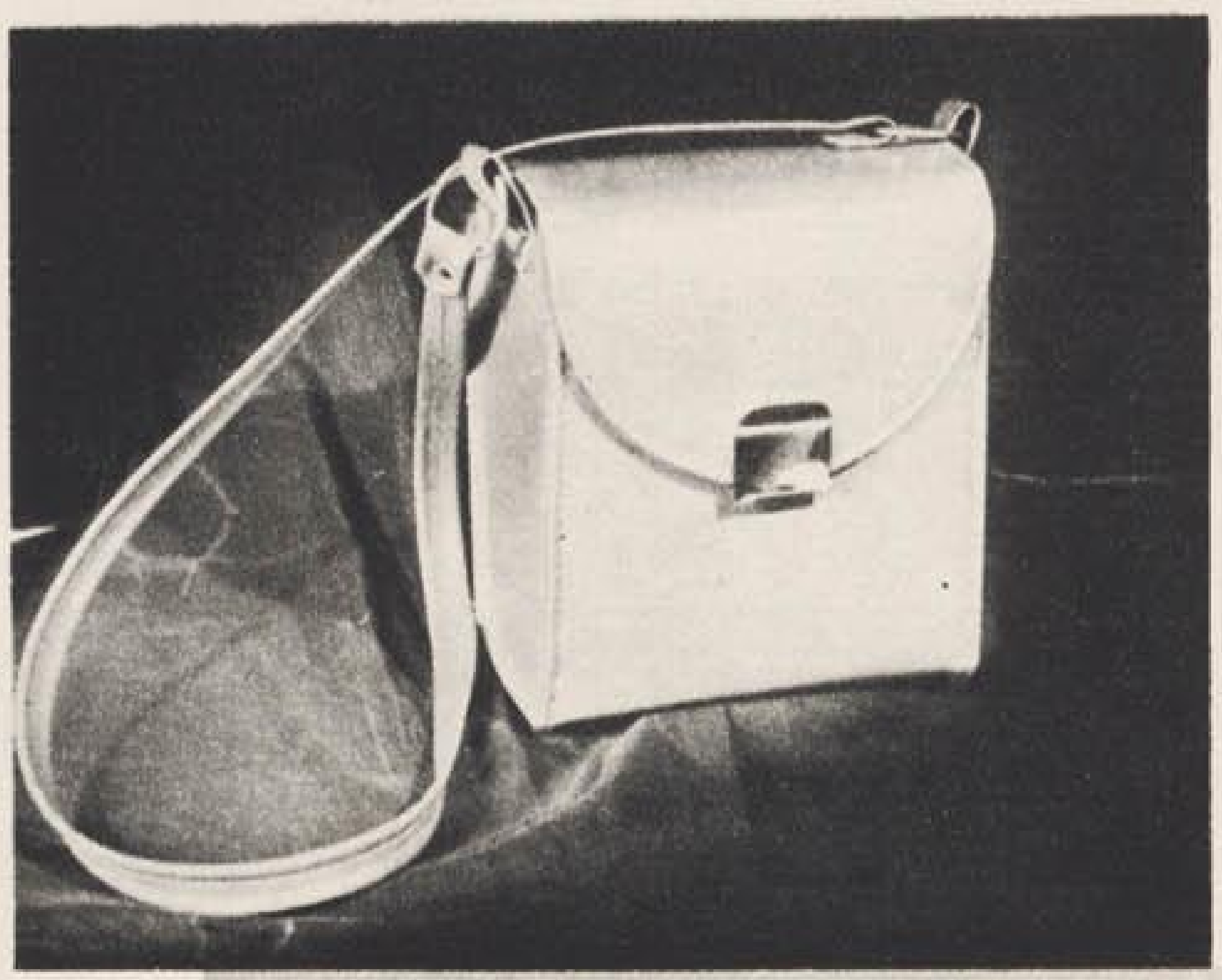
Shopping



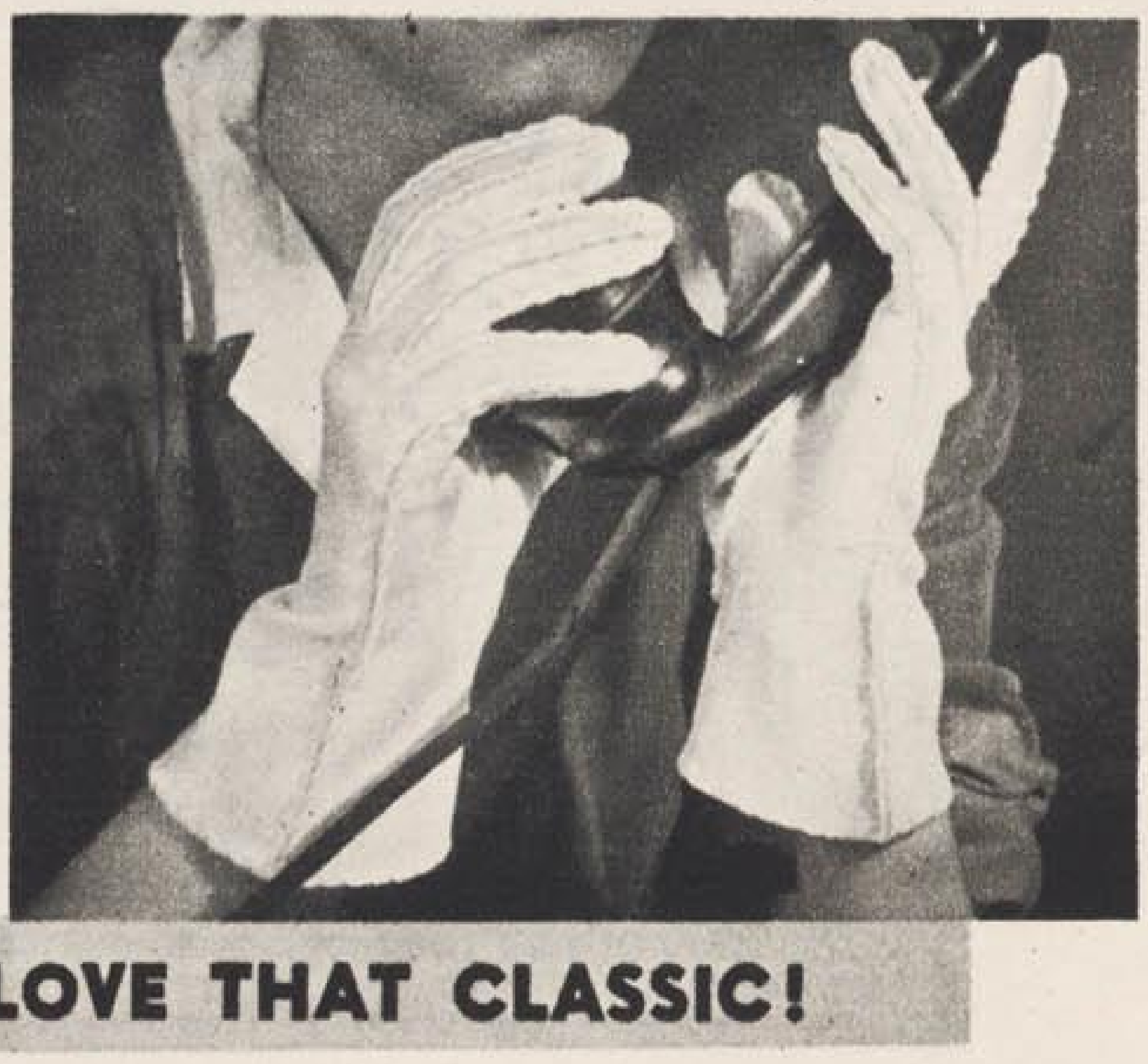
ANIMAL CAPERS

Animal kingdom delegates to tame unruly locks. Plastic tortoise shell with rhinestones. $1.* Ben Hur Products, 302 Fifth Ave.



HOLD YOUR SWAG

In this boxy bag with gold name-plate. Plastic calf in popular colors. About $3.* Pyramid Leather Goods Co., 27 W. 33rd St.



LOVE THAT CLASSIC!

It's indispensable! All hand-sewn, double-woven cotton slip-on. White, and colors. About $3. Nolan Glove Co., 425 Fourth Ave.

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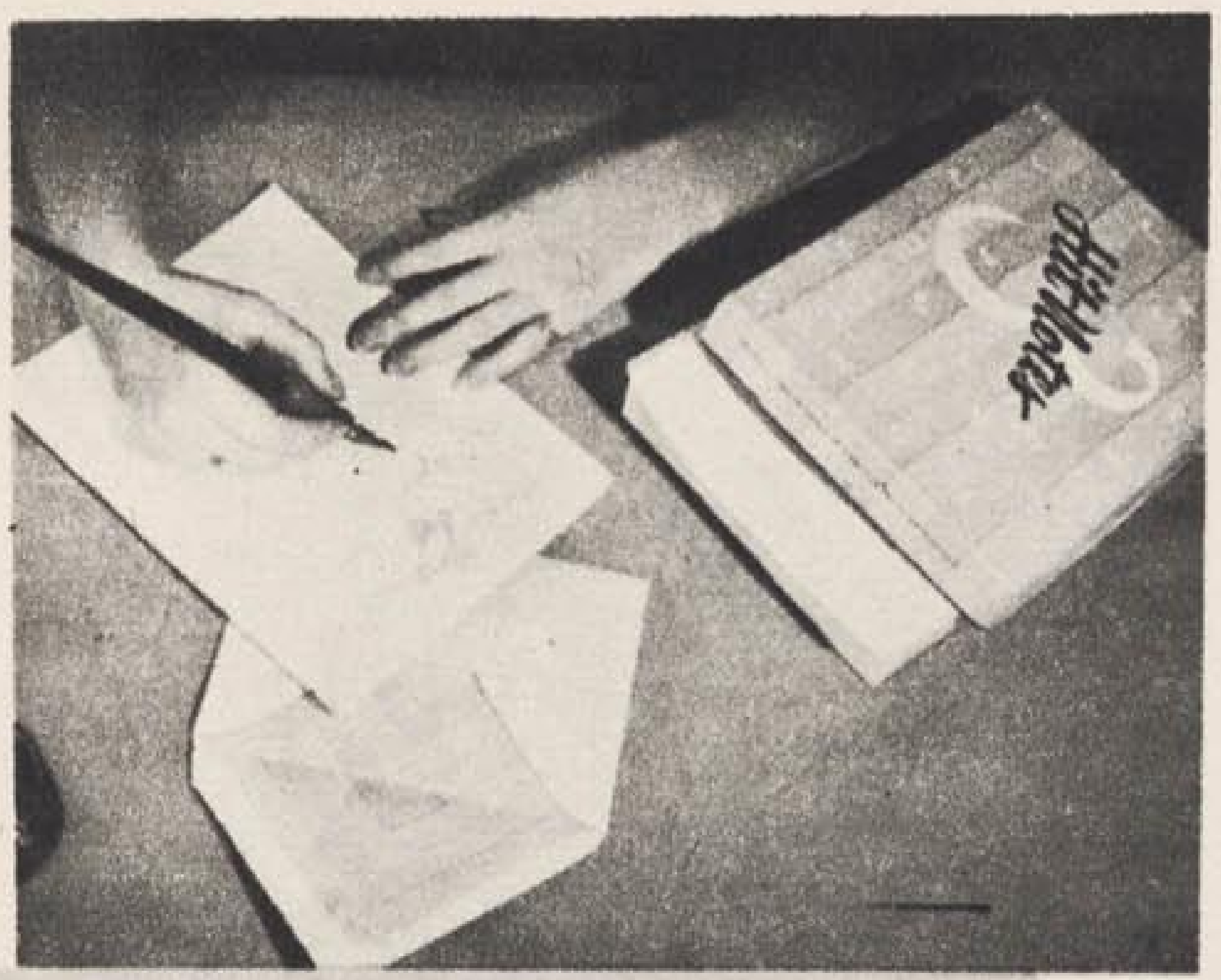
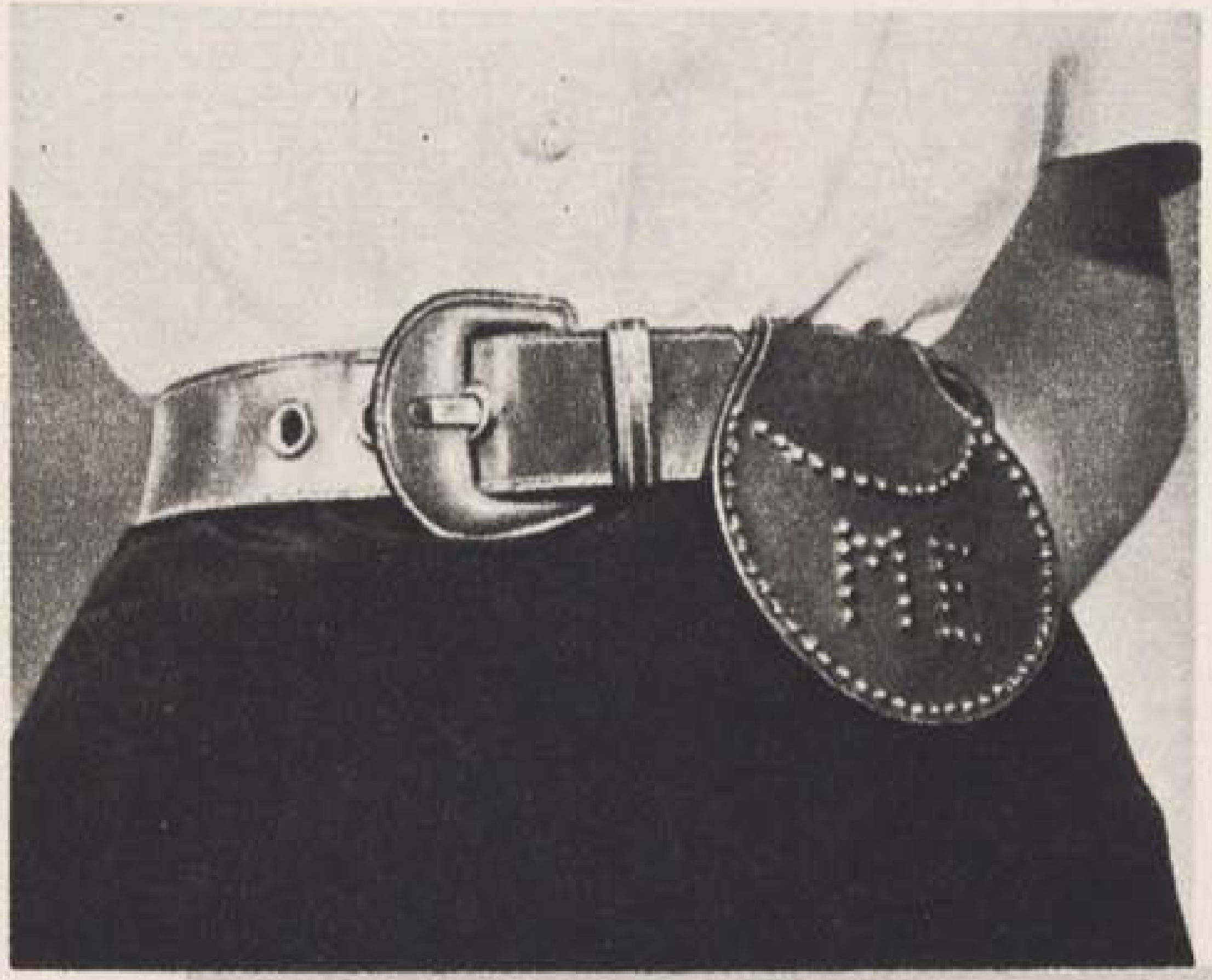


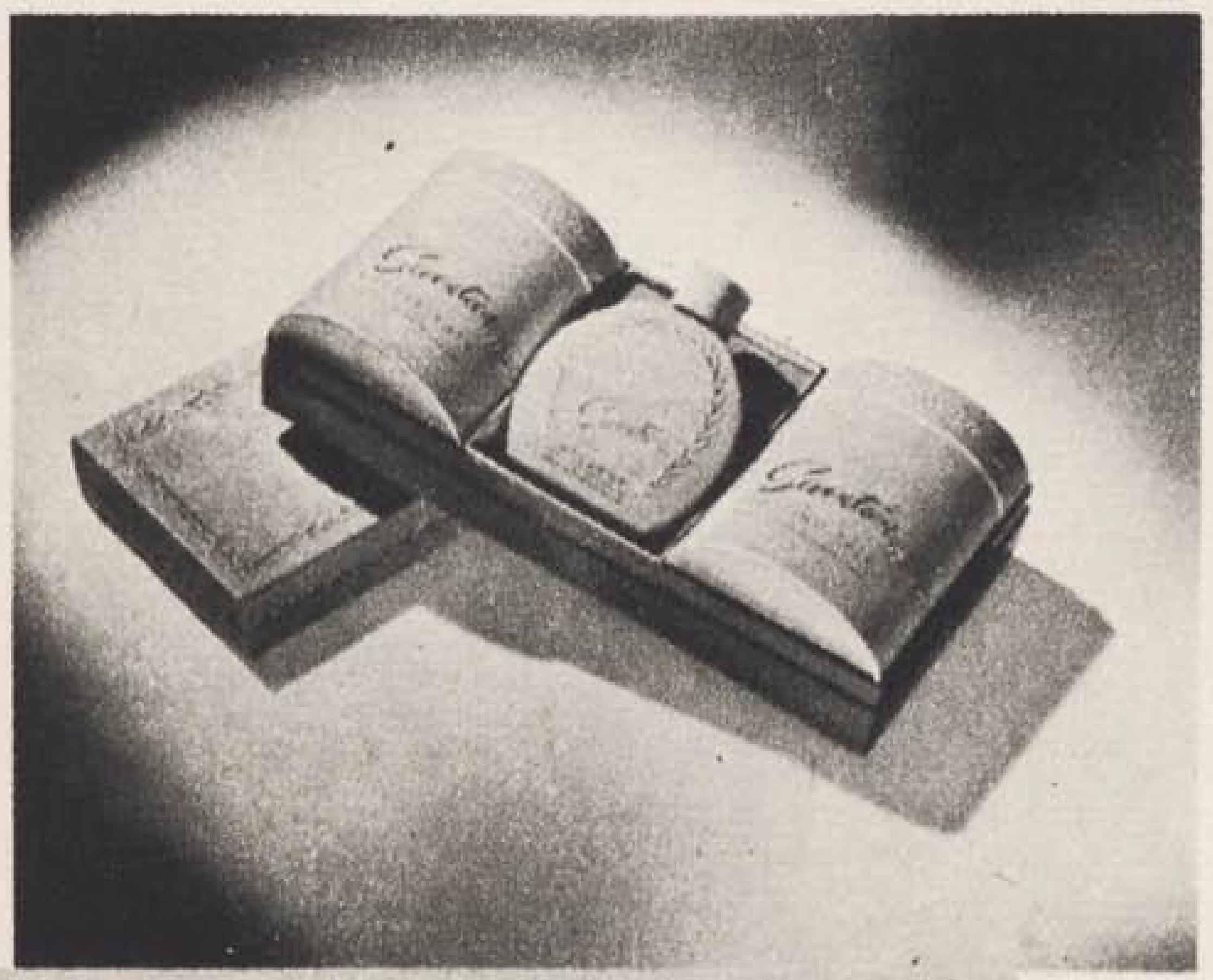
HIT NOTES

Tuneful notepaper titled with different hits to suit your mood. $1 box. The Hart Vance Co., 17th St., Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.



ADJUST-A-MAGIC BELT

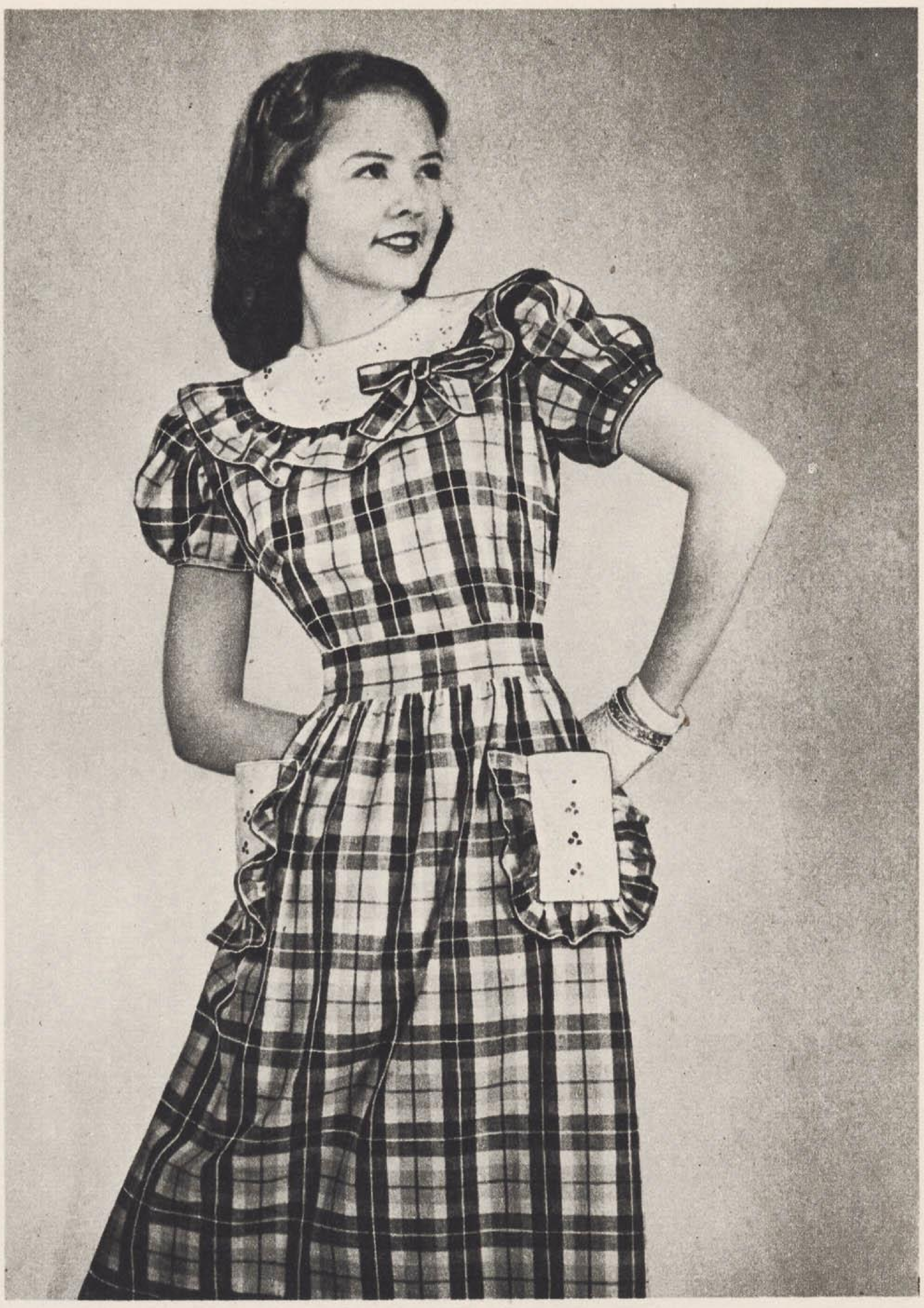
Pocket's removable, belt's adjustable, in saddle, nailhead studs. $3.98. Mighty Midget Leather Co., 270 West 38th St.



BATHETIQUETTE

Bubble bath, cologne, shaker-top talc in sky-blue containers. By Seventeen. $3.50.* Seventeen Cosmetics, 1270 Sixth Avenue.

Lasalle's TOLEDO, OHIO



Teena Paige **plaid gingham**

Our colorful plaids are borrowed from bonnie Scotch ones and done up like the McCoy in gingham! Full skirted, puffed at the sleeves, with eyelet pique bertha and pockets. Yellow, green, red or brown are the predominating colors. 7 to 15. . . . . . . **6.95.**

Ellen Crane, Lasalle and Koch, Toledo 3, Ohio.
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SEVENTEEN
FOR THE JUNIOR TEENS

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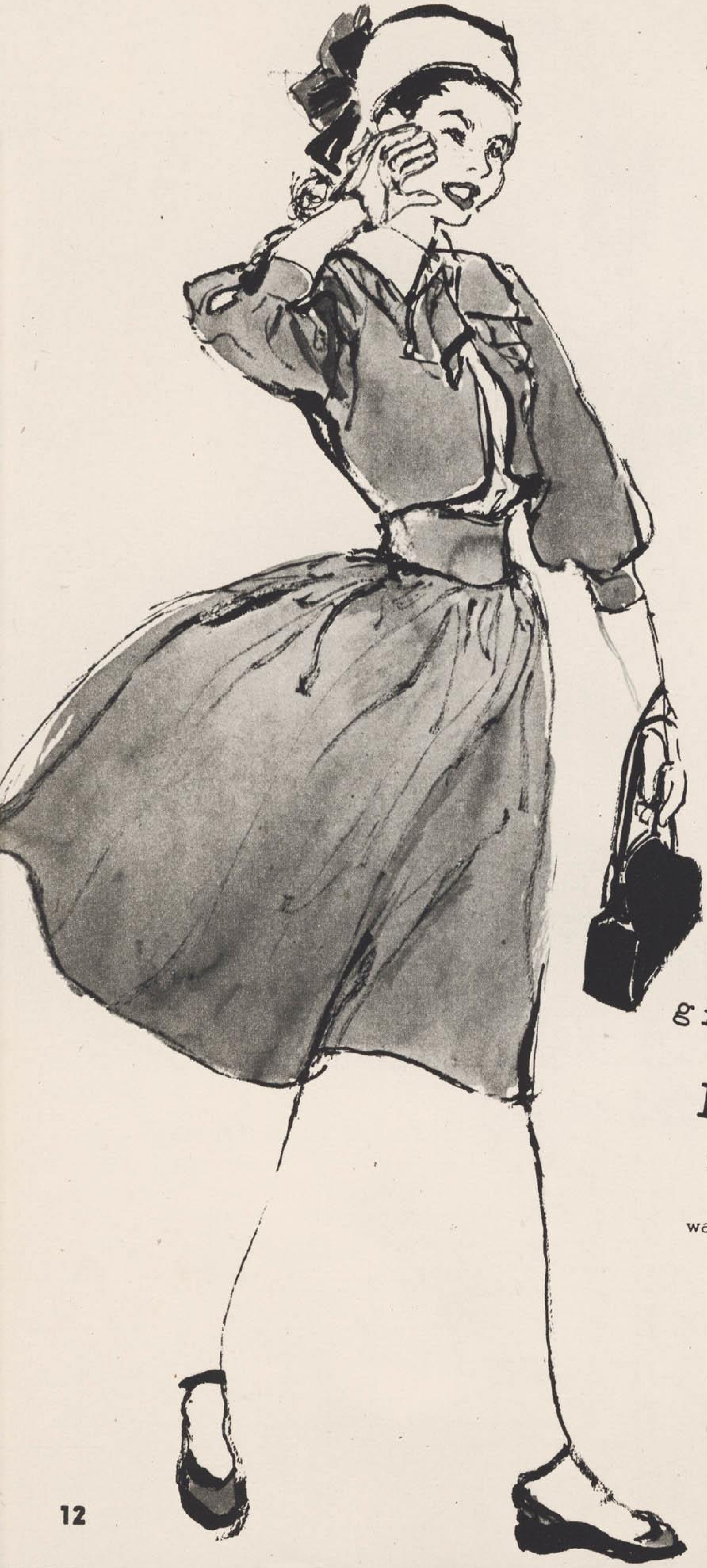
Breathtaking new styles for sub-juniors, the first created since fabric de-control. Wide skirts, and clever new style features galore. Cut to fit and flatter the special junior teen-age figure, in your sizes 7x to 13x or 15x.

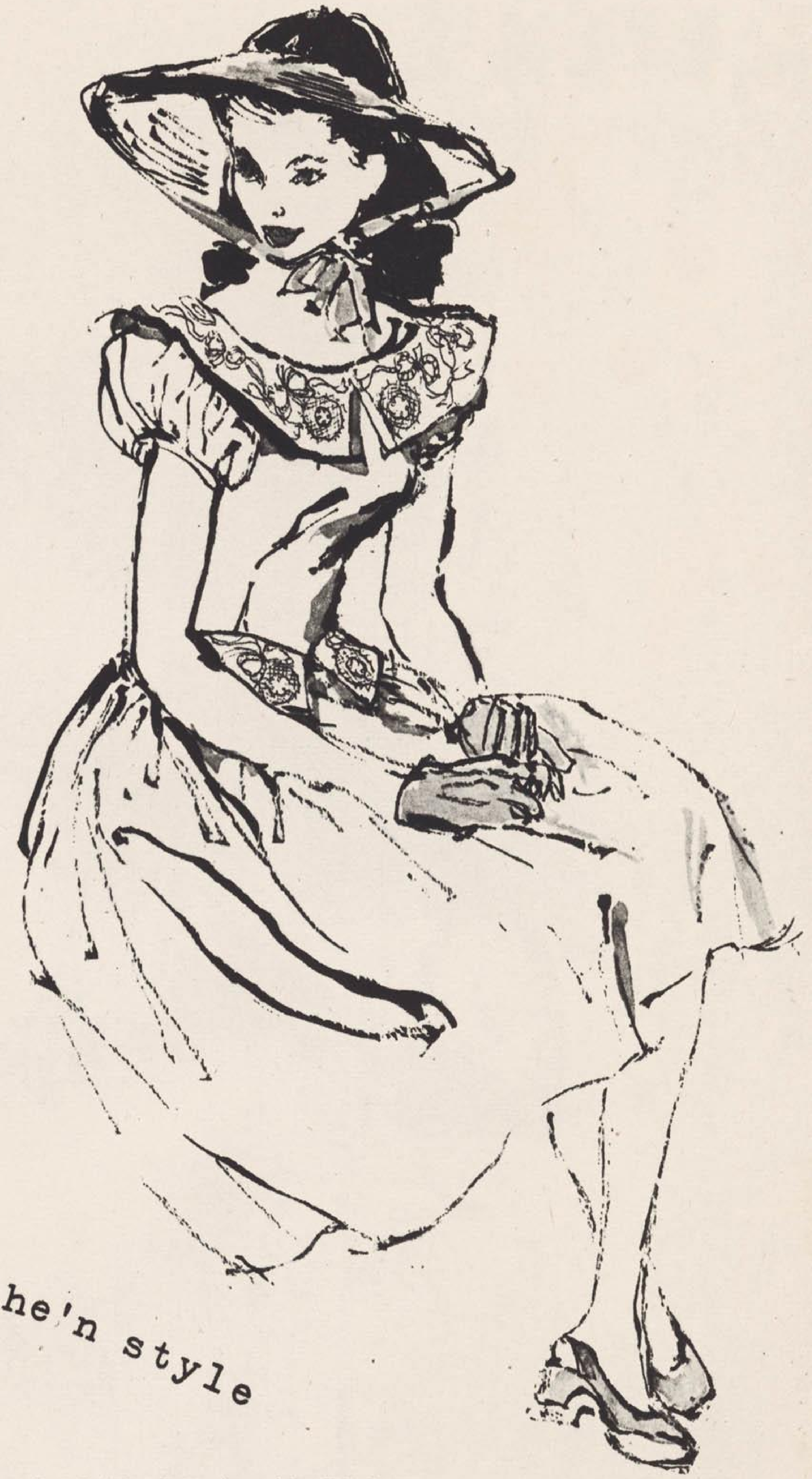


give yourself this

BOLERO BUILD-UP

Model No. 1011. Spanish influence adds a tabasco touch to this trim little bolero-effect dress. Fine mainstay for your wardrobe. Skinner's sheer rayon crepe in soft pastel shades, with white underblouse. Sizes 7x to 13x. $ **16.95**

Skinner's
QUALITY FABRICS



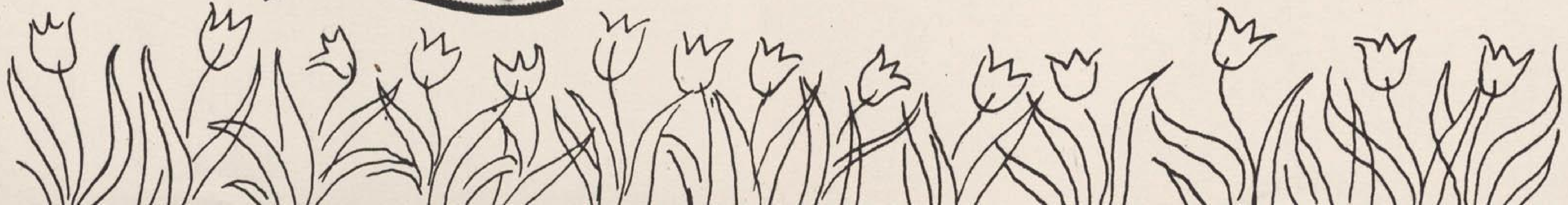
go over big as

HONEY CHILE, Southe'n style

Model No. 716. A dream dress that makes a big impression. For daytime or dating. Filmy looking Riordan "Riobelle" a rayon sheer from American Viscose Company. In delicious shades of pink, aqua, blue or yellow. Sizes 7x to 13x. $ **12.95**

a Riordan FABRIC

CROWN TESTED RAYON FABRIC



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1307 Washington Avenue, St. Louis 3. Mo.

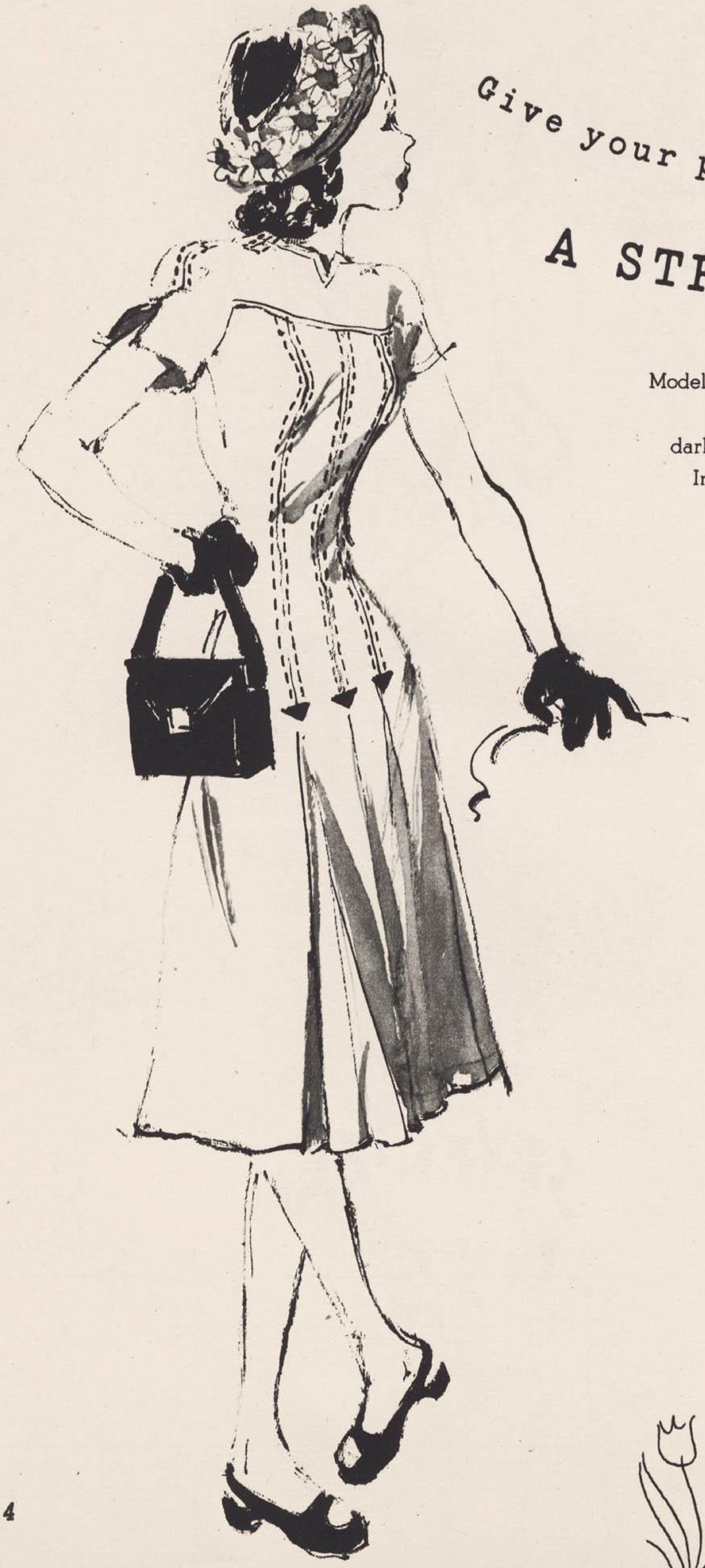
NAME______________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CITY____________________STATE________

MODEL NO.	SIZE	1ST COLOR CHOICE	2ND COLOR CHOICE

SEVENTEEN
FOR THE JUNIOR TEENS



Give your public something new—

A STREAMLINED YOU

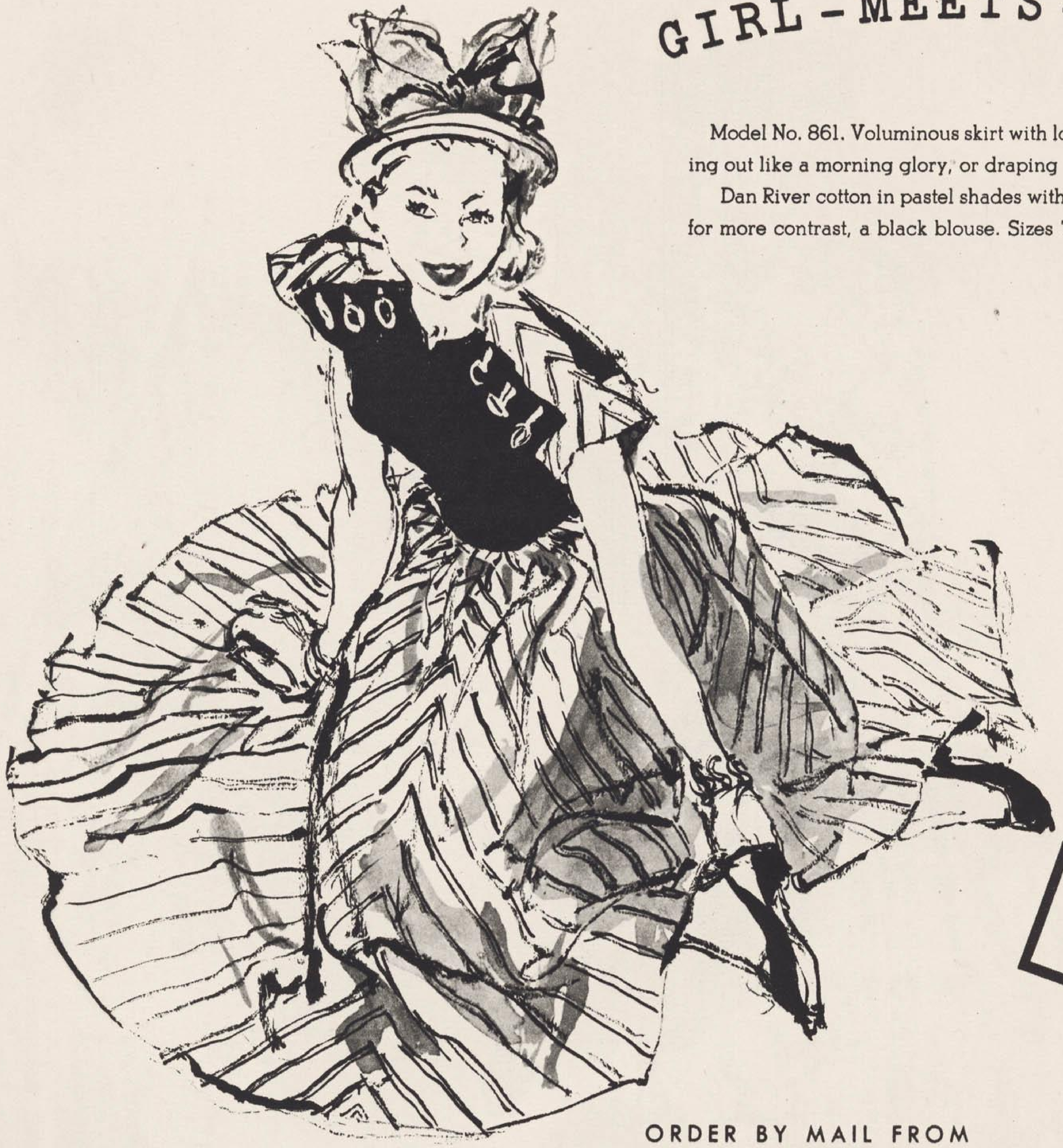
Model No. 860. **So different**—these princess lines, so super-smooth in firm Labtex Tegra. Contrasting dark saddle stitching, and embroidered arrowheads. In pastels and beige. Sizes 7x to 15x. $ **14.95**

A Labtex Fabric

see that now

GIRL - MEETS - BOY

Model No. 861. Voluminous skirt with lovely tricks, spreading out like a morning glory, or draping this way or that. Dan River cotton in pastel shades with black stripe, and for more contrast, a black blouse. Sizes 7x to 13x. $ **14.95**



IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC

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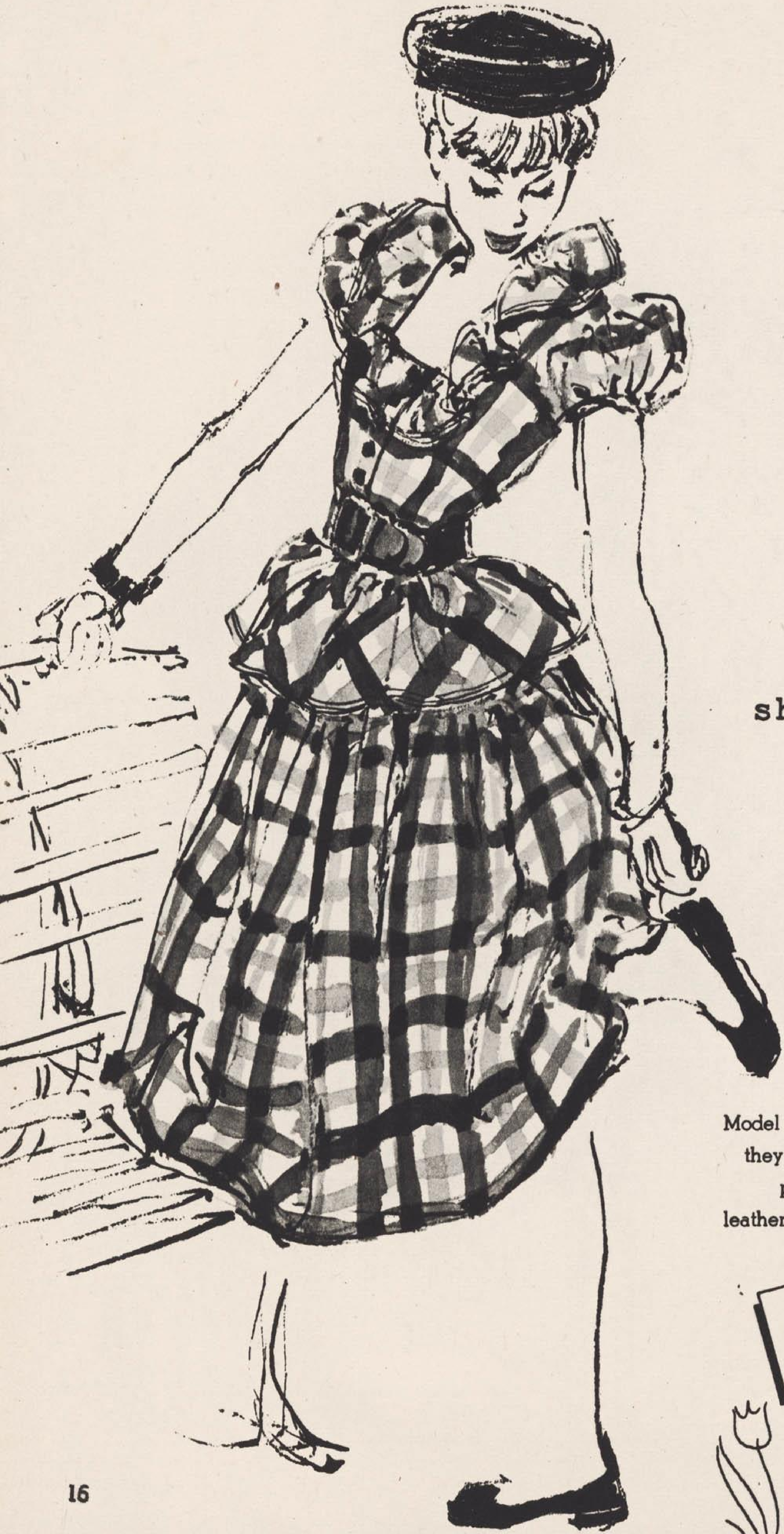
CITY____________________STATE__________

MODEL NO.	SIZE	1ST COLOR CHOICE	2ND COLOR CHOICE

SEVENTEEN
FOR THE JUNIOR TEENS

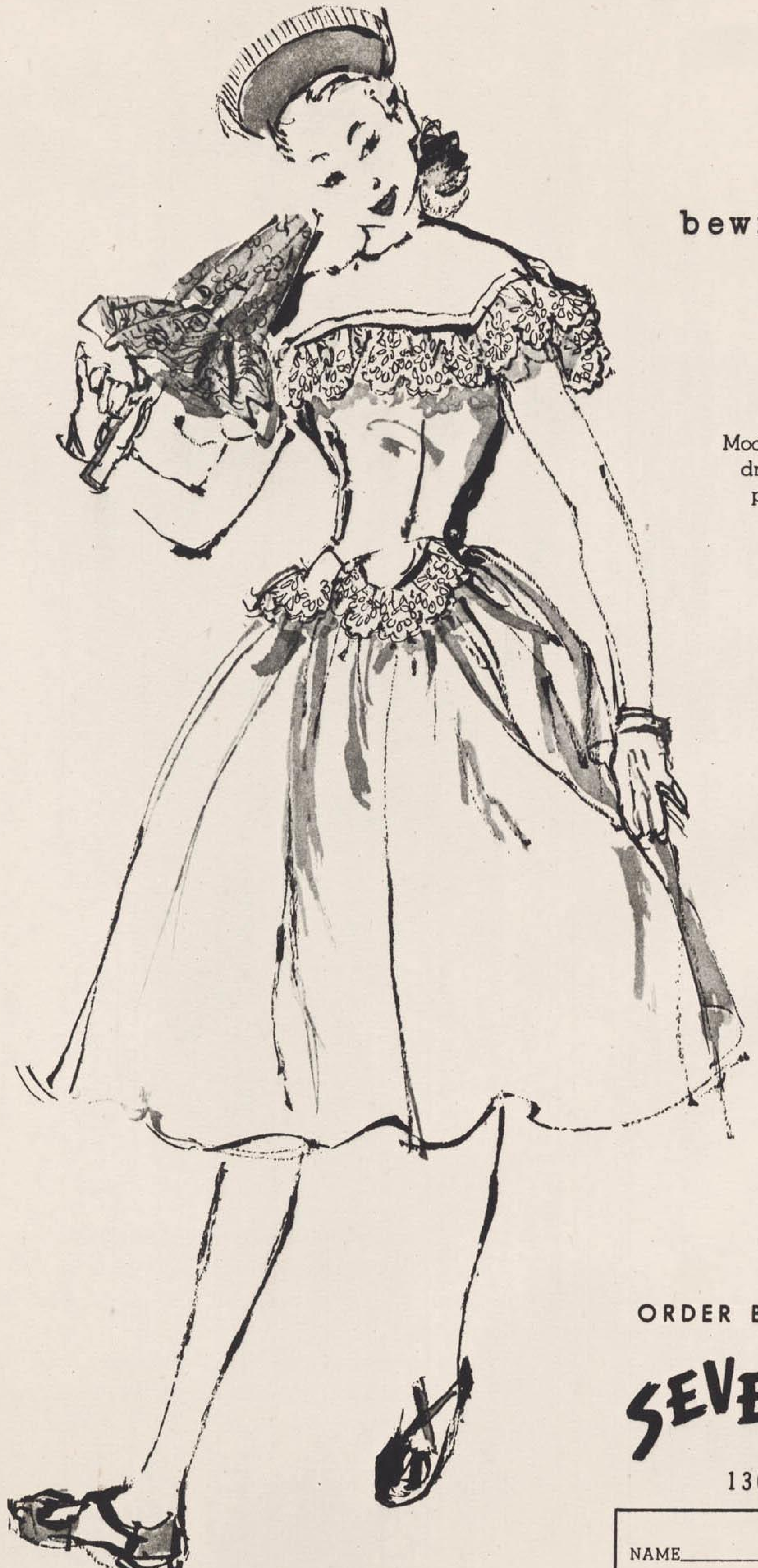


shine at

A CLASS,
A COKE,
A CLUB

Model No. 610. They'll "love that dress," see if they don't, when you wear this winsome pastel plaid Dan River gingham. Glittery black patent leather belt. Sizes 7x to 13x. $ **10.95**

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC



bewitch them as a

DAZZLE DISH

Model No. 612. Irresistible as a pink rose, this romantic dress of Oscar Hayman "Spunsette" rayon in petal pink, ice blue or aqua. Wide ruffles of white eyelet embroidery mark the dropped shoulders and pert front peplums. Sizes 7x to 13x. $ **10.95**

oscar hayman fabric

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SEVENTEEN FOR THE JUNIOR TEENS
1307 Washington Avenue, St. Louis 3. Mo

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

MODEL NO.	SIZE	1ST COLOR CHOICE	2ND COLOR CHOICE

a right to dream

He looked back unconcernedly. With mounting rage Karen watched him. “And that goes double for Saturday night!” she called furiously.

It was a little matter between Karen and her conscience that kept Velma's fate hanging in the balance . . . Could she go through with her ruthless exposé involving the whole Hilltopper Staff?

by rosalie f. wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

KAREN dropped her notebook and pencils on the desk, blew her bangs back from her forehead, and uncovered the standard typewriter, circa 1904. She inserted her sandwich of white and yellow paper with a carbon filling and started pecking with two fingers. *Profile Of The Week. Our Miss Dubois of the French Department. . . .*

Tucky Adams leaned over Karen's shoulder. “Miss Dubois of France. My deah! Are you positively sure you don't mean Miss Colbert? Darling Claudette. Why it seems only like yesterday that Claudette made that perfectly devastating remark to me when we first met.”

Del Thomas snickered. “What remark was that?” he prompted, tongue tucked in cheek.

Tucky Adams turned limpid blue eyes in Del's direction. “It was too priceless. She said—hello!”

The whole staff of the Hilltopper howled. Tucky's imitation of Velma Green was cruel but eminently recognizable, like a good caricature.

“Hey, listen,” Lanny Carter said. “Why don't you females leave Velma alone? She's not a bad movie editor. And maybe she does know all the Hollywood stars. How do we know? You tabbies act more like the members of a sewing circle than good reporters.”

“Hear, hear,” Del

(*Continued on page* 54)

Want more dates? Lovely and sparkling June Haver gives out with the dating code that made her one of the most popular girls in Hollywood . . .

Girl Scout June does her good turn by helping Dave Rose find his aching tooth, at the Hollywood Press Photographers' Party at Ciro's.

June and Mark Stevens in 20th Century-Fox' "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?"

DO NOT PICK FLOWERS

June breaks a rule "on the lot" but never transgresses her own bright social regulations.

June Haver *is* lovely—and behind that pretty face is a sweet and sparkling personality.

Data on Dating

by June Haver

as told to Jack Holland

In my estimation, there's nothing that requires such a definite code or set of rules as does dating.

I'm not setting myself up as any final authority, but solely in the hopes that my experiences and opinions may help other young girls to find the right type of date, I'm listing what I feel are pertinent questions and then supplying my own answers, a sort of date-rating system.

What is important to take note of about a boy on a first meeting? I always look to see if a boy's shoes are shined and if he has a white handkerchief in the breast pocket of his coat. This naturally implies a rather formal meeting. But when the occasion is informal—at school or at some affair, there's nothing that tells so much about a boy as the way he smiles. If he has the kind of smile that makes you feel warm inside, that makes you want to know him, he's usually a regular person.

Equally important as his smile is the way he shakes hands. I dislike any of those wet-fish handshakes. A firm clasp usually denotes good character and sincerity—and that applies to girls as well as to men.

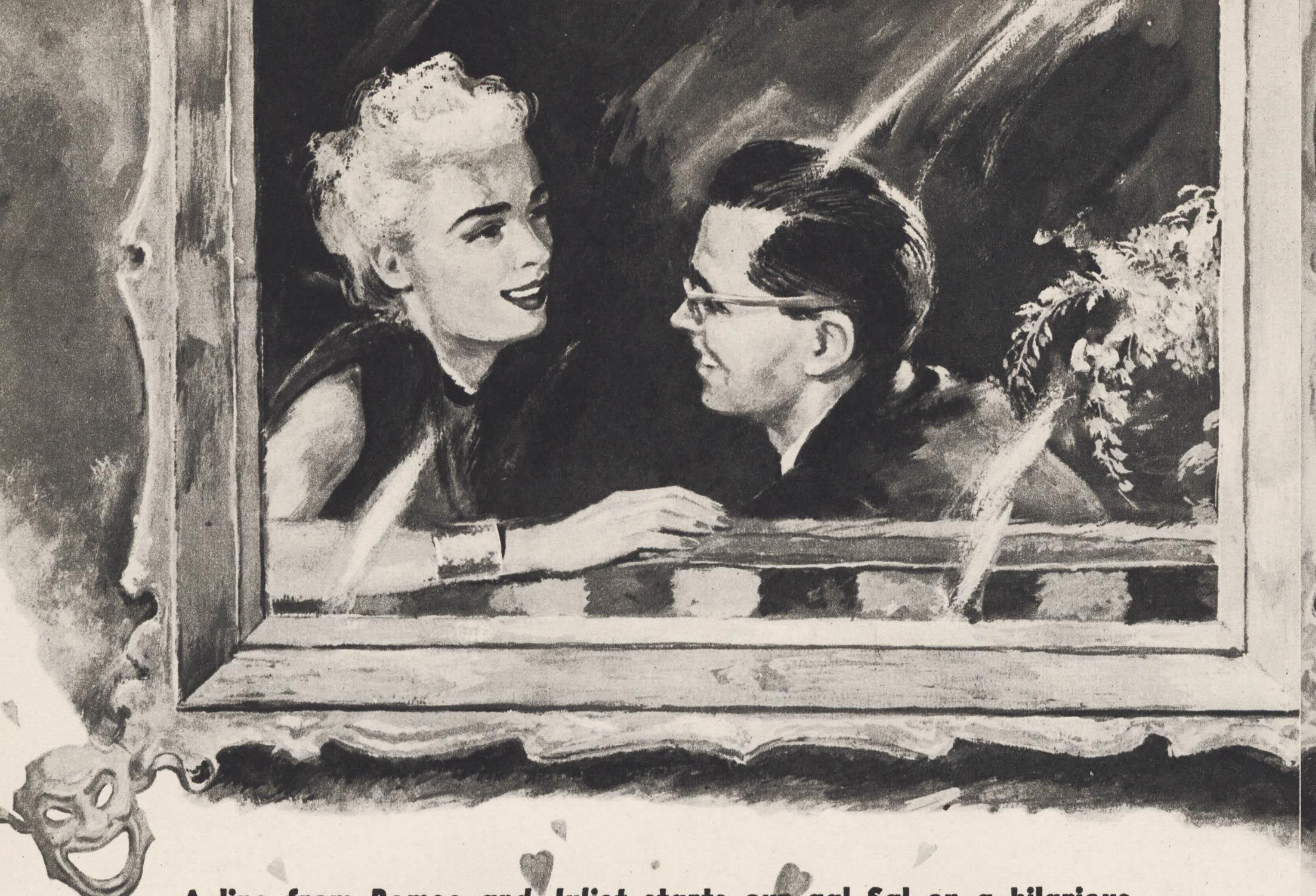
And, above all, he should have a good sense of humor!

How can you tell whether or not to accept a first date? I've met some attractive young men in Hollywood at various parties whom I have liked enough to want to go out with after only (*Continued on page* 64)

JUNE HAVER'S DATE SCORE CARD

How would your escort rate?

1. Do you notice your date's smile and neatness above all?
2. When he asks for a date, is he cocky about it?
3. Does he always make last minute dates or break them?
4. Has he a sense of humor?
5. Is he considerate and well-mannered?
6. Does he arrive on time for dates?
7. Does he mind visiting with you and your parents?
8. Does he honk the horn when he comes for a date?
9. Does he insist on kissing you on short acquaintance?
10. Does he insist on parking when you want to go home?
11. Does he talk only about himself or other girls on dates?
12. Is he a good dancer—or a willing learner?
13. Is he a gentleman at the movies?
14. Does he say where you're going so you'll know what to wear?
15. Does he resent spending time with your friends?
16. Does he insist on your being serious about him?
17. Does he apologize when he's wrong?
18. Does he consider you by not drinking too much on a date?
19. Do you have fun with him if he's broke?
20. Is he unreasonably jealous?



Romance Rides Again...

by alma bruce

A line from *Romeo and Juliet* starts our gal Sal on a hilarious sequence of events . . . but how Shakespeare let her down!

THE hands of the clock crawled reluctantly around to eleven a.m. and study period. Study period was thirty minutes long, the same as algebra, but comparing the two, Sally knew that she came mighty close to understanding Einstein's ingenious theory.

Fern found her with her *History of English Literature* propped on the library table before her. She slid into the chair alongside which was miraculously vacant, and reached for a book which she opened at random. Thus fortified with the appearance, if not the substance, of industry, Fern felt free to indulge in a trifle of conversation.

"How's the romance progressing?"

Sally made a face. "Still going at a great rate. But like a race on a treadmill it doesn't get any place."

Fern sighed. "Your mother can't be using the right technique. She looks like Rosalind Russell and she talks like Rosalind Russell, but I ask you, would Roz let the thing drag on like this?"

"Ha!" said Sally bitterly. "Roz never got courted by Professor Cartwright. Mom's not doing badly.

Fern clucked impatiently. "But what *is* she doing? Has she trotted out that marvelous fried chicken of hers for him?"

"He gained ten pounds in the last six months. And he didn't do it on Mrs. Gorman's boarding-house hash."

"Has she bought any new clothes?"

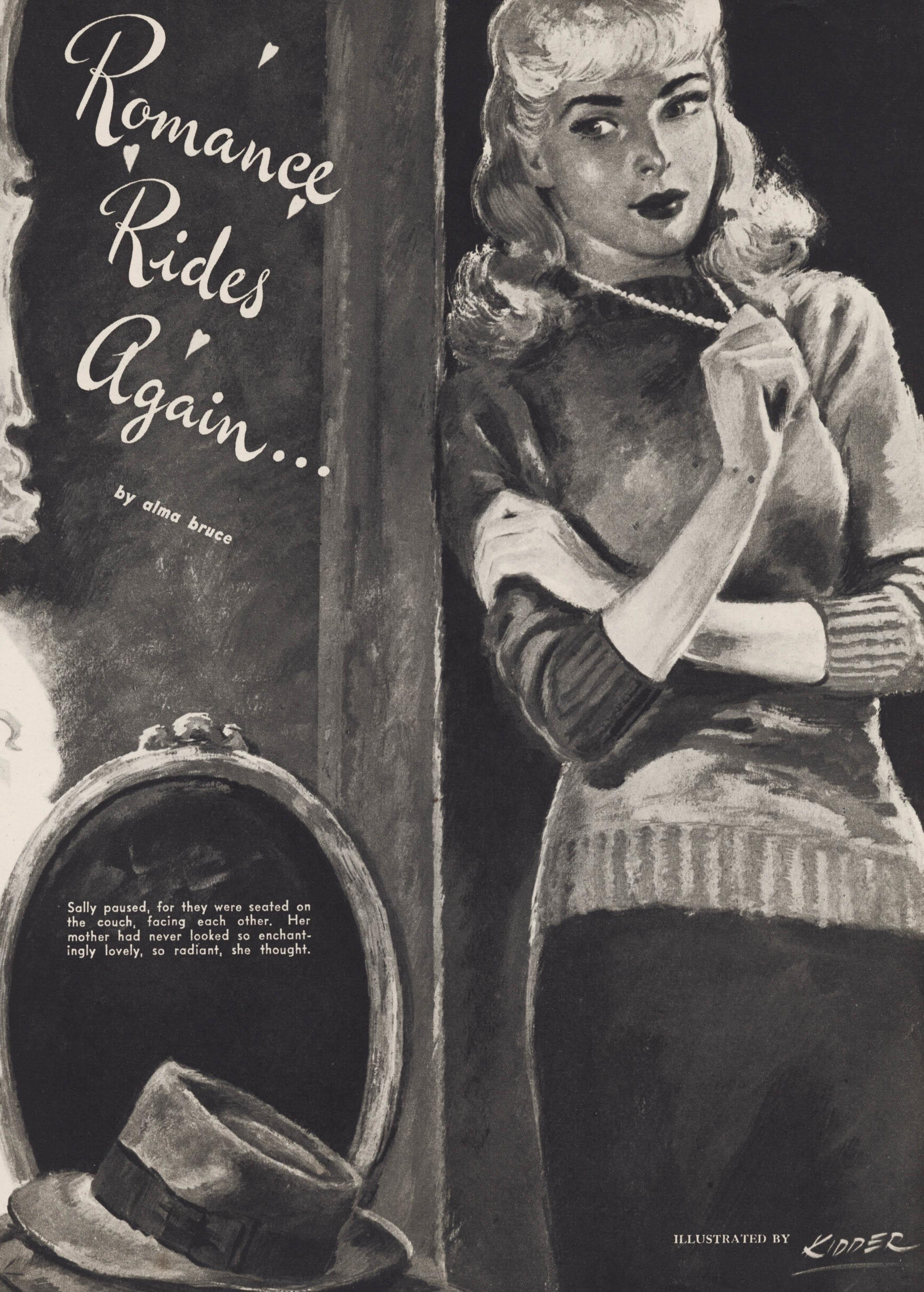
Sally nodded. "Yummy stuff. She looks more like Roz Russell these days than Roz does."

"What about her manner? Is she all gay and charming and simply fascinating with all the dreary little details of his life?"

Sally's back stiffened. "His life isn't full of dreary details. He's quite interesting, really. Aside from teaching, he's writing a novel and it sounds simply marvelous. Not," she added, "that I think it will sell or anything."

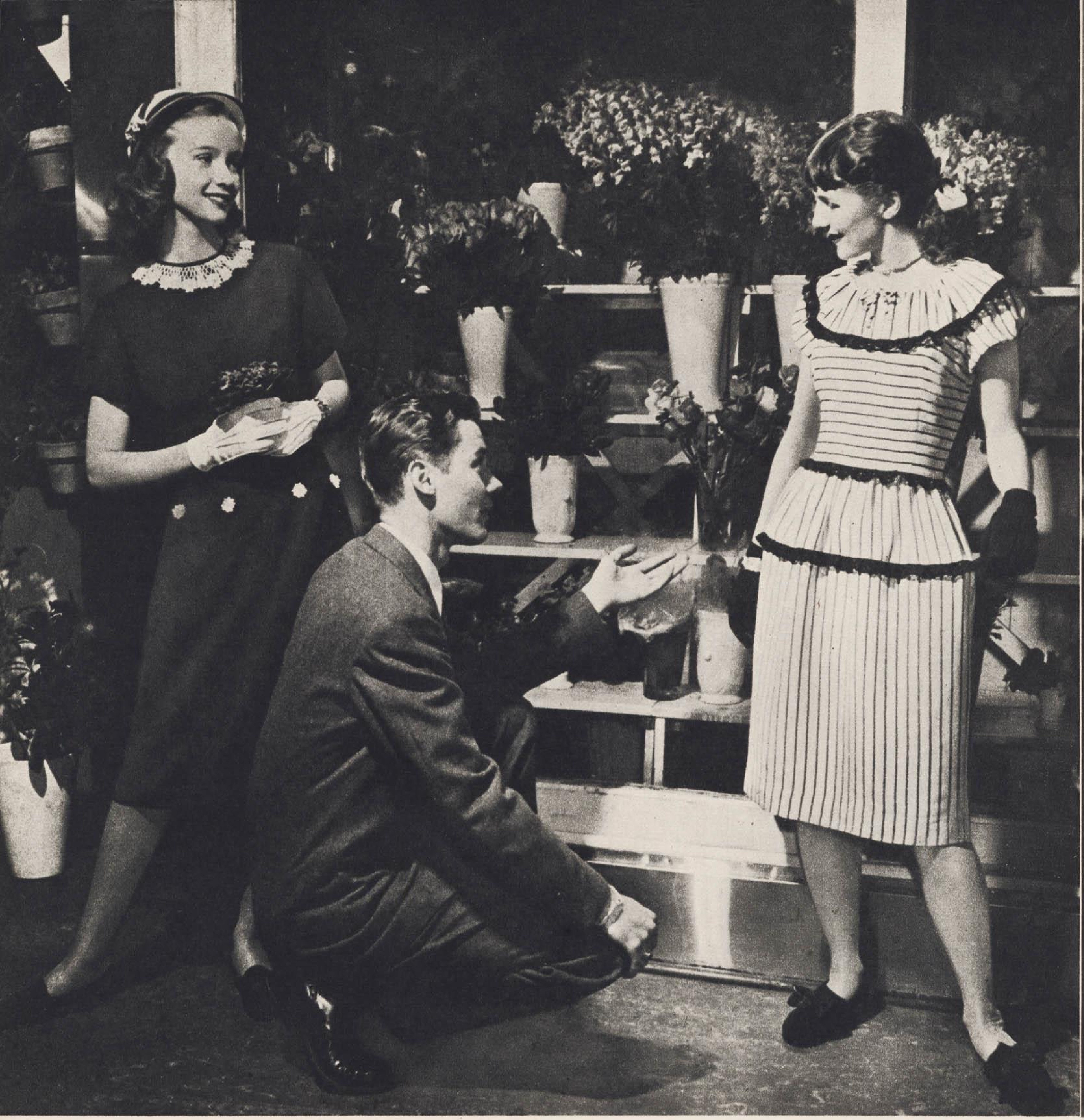
"For heaven's sake, why not?"

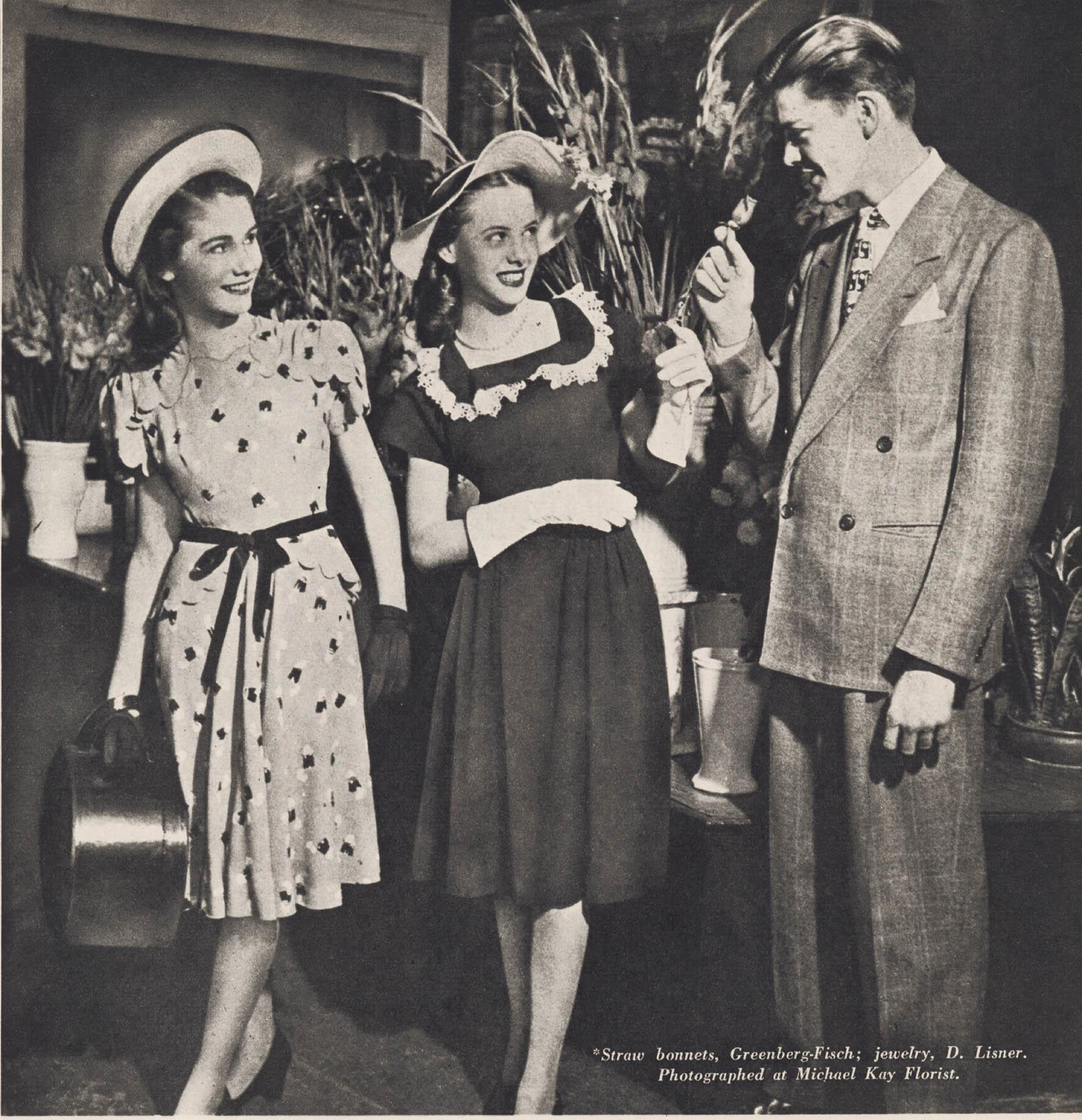
"Well, he's only a (*Continued on page* 40)



Sally paused, for they were seated on the couch, facing each other. Her mother had never looked so enchantingly lovely, so radiant, she thought.

ILLUSTRATED BY KIDDER





**Straw bonnets, Greenberg-Fisch; jewelry, D. Lisner.*
Photographed at Michael Kay Florist.

Dainty white lace buds hold pockets in place, frame your face on ever-favorite Stunzi navy crepe. By Gail Berk. About $15. Younker Bros., Des Moines; Flint & Kent, Buffalo; H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati. Harry Weiss straw cloche. Quaint drawstring neck and sleeves on Teena Paige's black-striped pastel crepe. Tiered with black eyelet ruffles. About $8. Macy's, N. Y.; J. Goldsmith & Sons Co., Memphis; La Salle & Koch Co., Toledo.

Super date-bait, cadet-hat print on rayon crepe. That tiny peplum grows to bustle size in back. By Cathy Moore. About $15. Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Thalhimer's, Richmond; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Perky white embroidered organdy accents the square-necked navy rayon crepe frock by Universiteens, with the whirling, swirling skirt. About $11. At Franklin Simon, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Maison Blanche, New Orleans.

Blossom out for Easter

for Girls Only

There's no such thing as a small problem—not when you're in your teens. That's why Jean Goodman, your supervising editor, is here with understanding advice and friendly counsel . . .

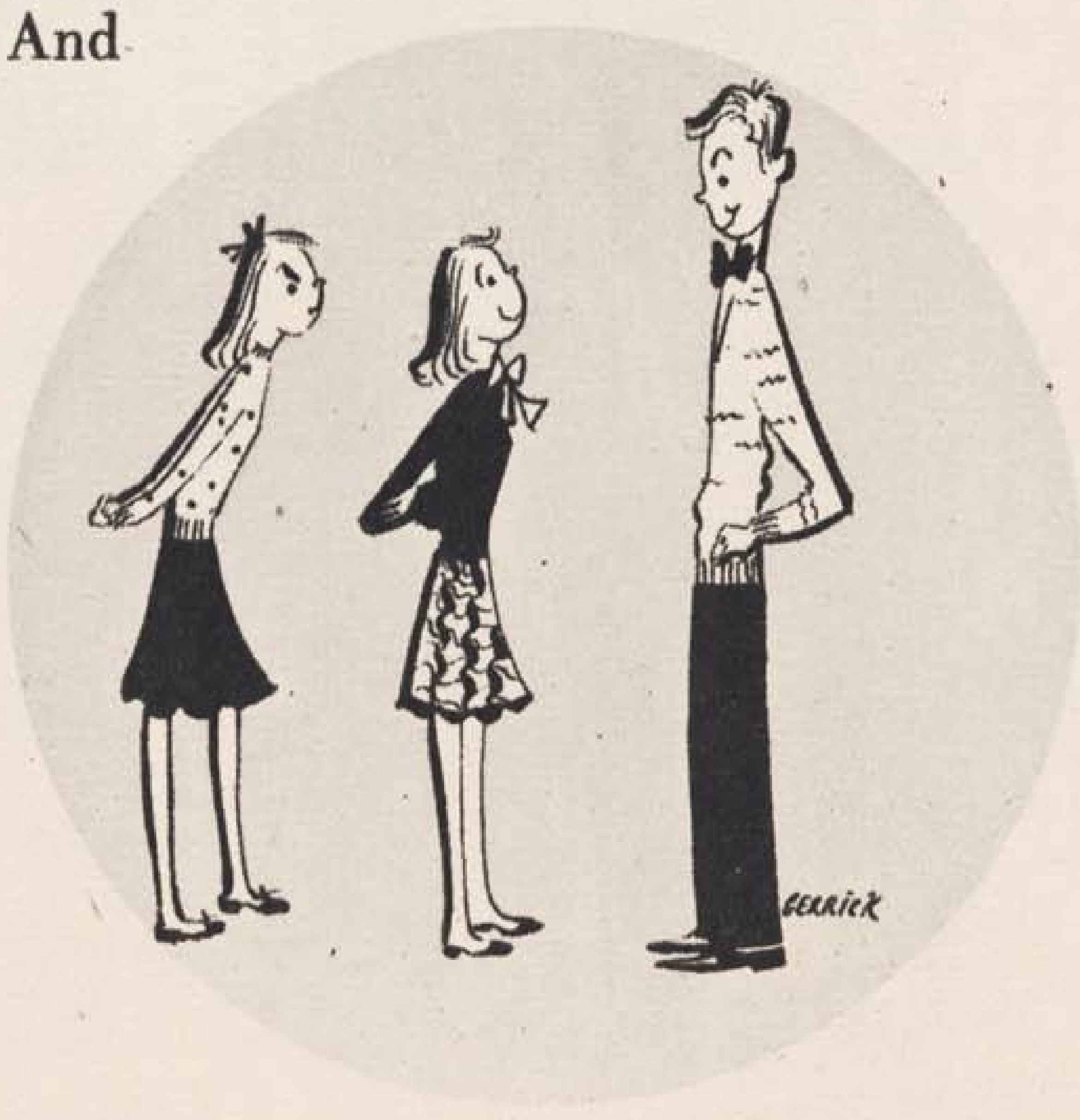
by jean goodman

DEAR JEAN: I am fifteen and my problem is: how can I become popular like other girls my age? Girls talk to me during classes and act like real friends, but when recess comes, they act as if they didn't know me. I have tried to join the organizations they belong to, but they only want popular girls. I can't study because all I do is worry about not being wanted. I live out in the country so I can't go to the corner drug store to mix with the gang, and my only two girl friends can't go out because their parents are very strict. People tell me I am very pretty, and I try to be neat and clean at all times. I keep up on the latest music, school activities, but nothing seems to help. Something must be wrong! PLEASE help! Connie.

Dear Connie: I wonder if it might be that you are unconsciously bashful or shy? As a rule, most people wait for the other person to make the advances. You see, they want to feel wanted, too! I think you should start speaking to these girls you admire during recess. Ask them questions; that's always a good way to start conversation. Also, maybe you have missed the boat in this way: instead of trying to get the girls to like you, perhaps you should start talking to the boys. Once the opposite sex start noticing you, it's positively magical the way the girls start flocking around! And remember that a warm, sweet smile is a nice way to begin any conversation. Here's luck! Jean.

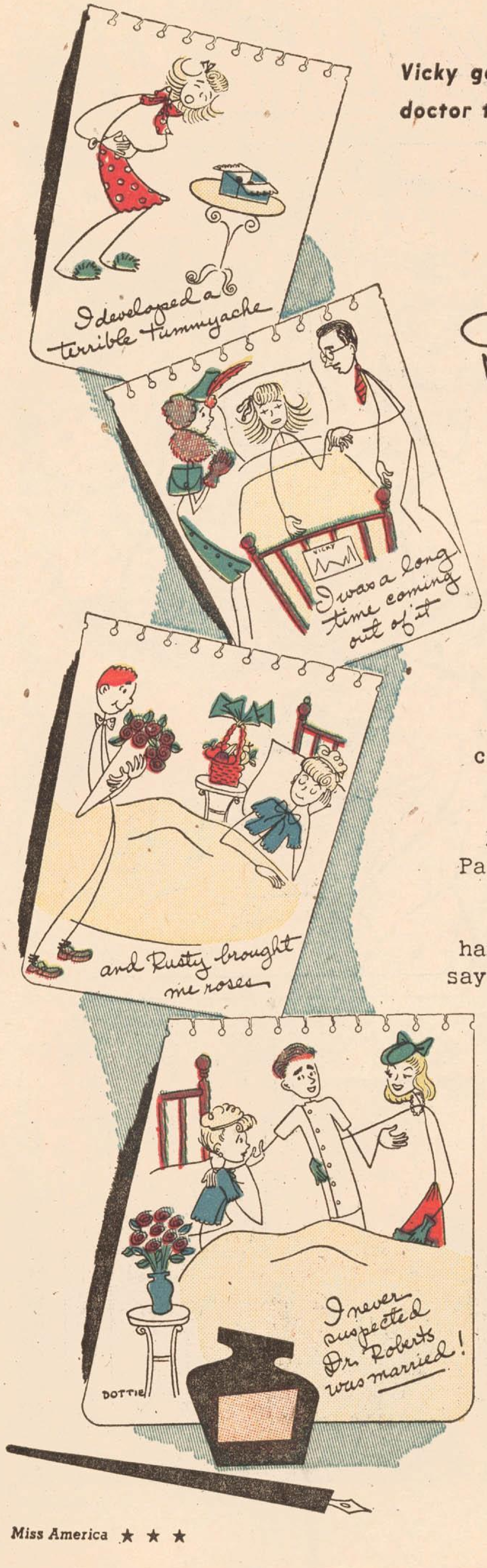
Dear Jean: My problem is that my sister is eighteen months older than I am. That makes her sixteen, and me fourteen. She goes out on dates, and she has many privileges I don't have. I can't go out at night, and although my mother says I can go out after she gets home from work, that's at 5:30, and it's dark—so that's "at night," too, and I still can't go out. Miss Goodman, please tell me what to do. Your friend, Margie.

Dear Margie: I know it's not very consoling now when to be *old* seems the most (*Continued on page* 58)



Victoria Allen Dunford

Vicky gets a tummy ache—and a heartache! A handsome doctor takes care of the one and Rusty heals the other . . .


I developed a terrible tummyache
VICKY
I was a long time coming out of it
and Rusty brought me roses
I never suspected Dr. Roberts was married!
DOTTIE

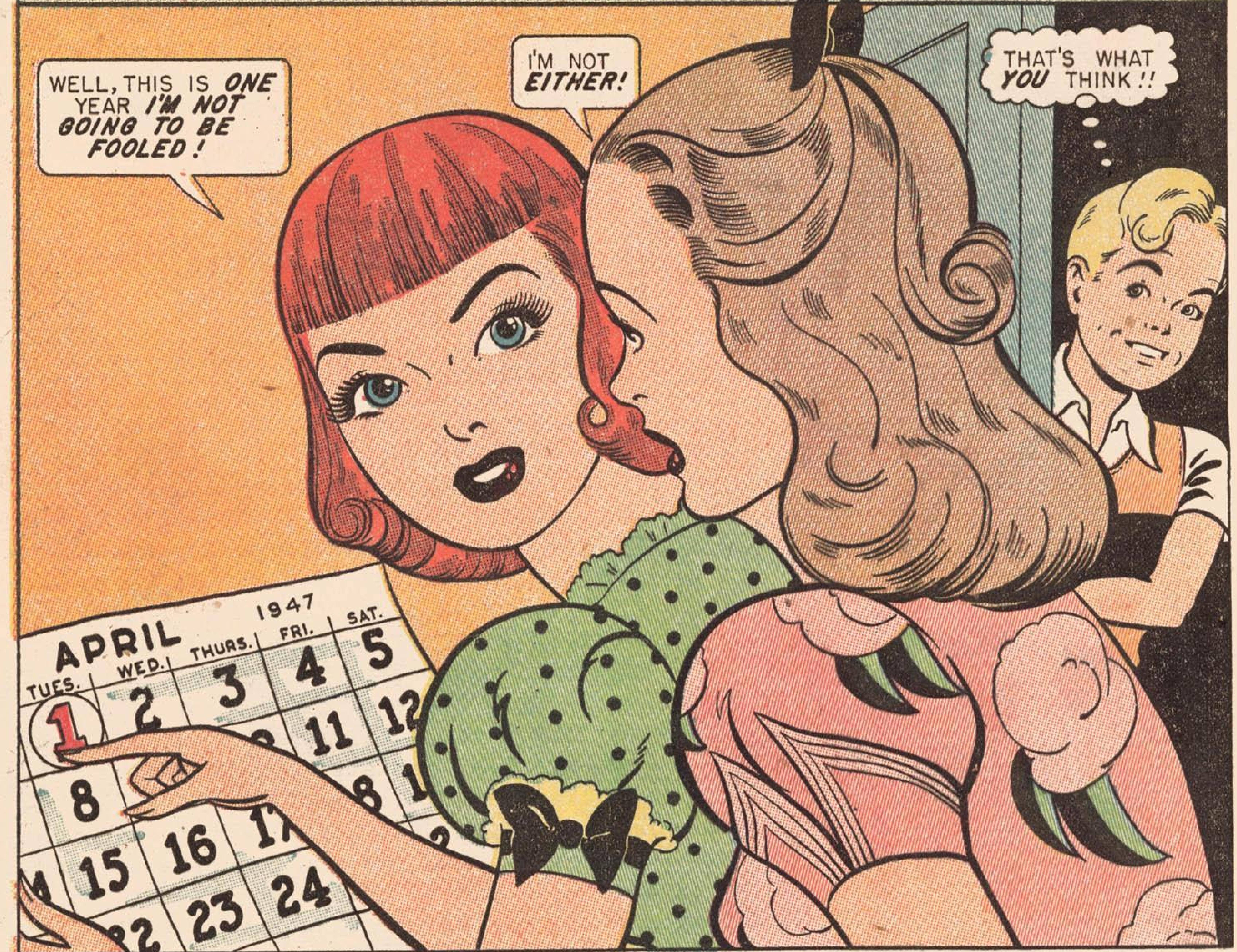
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

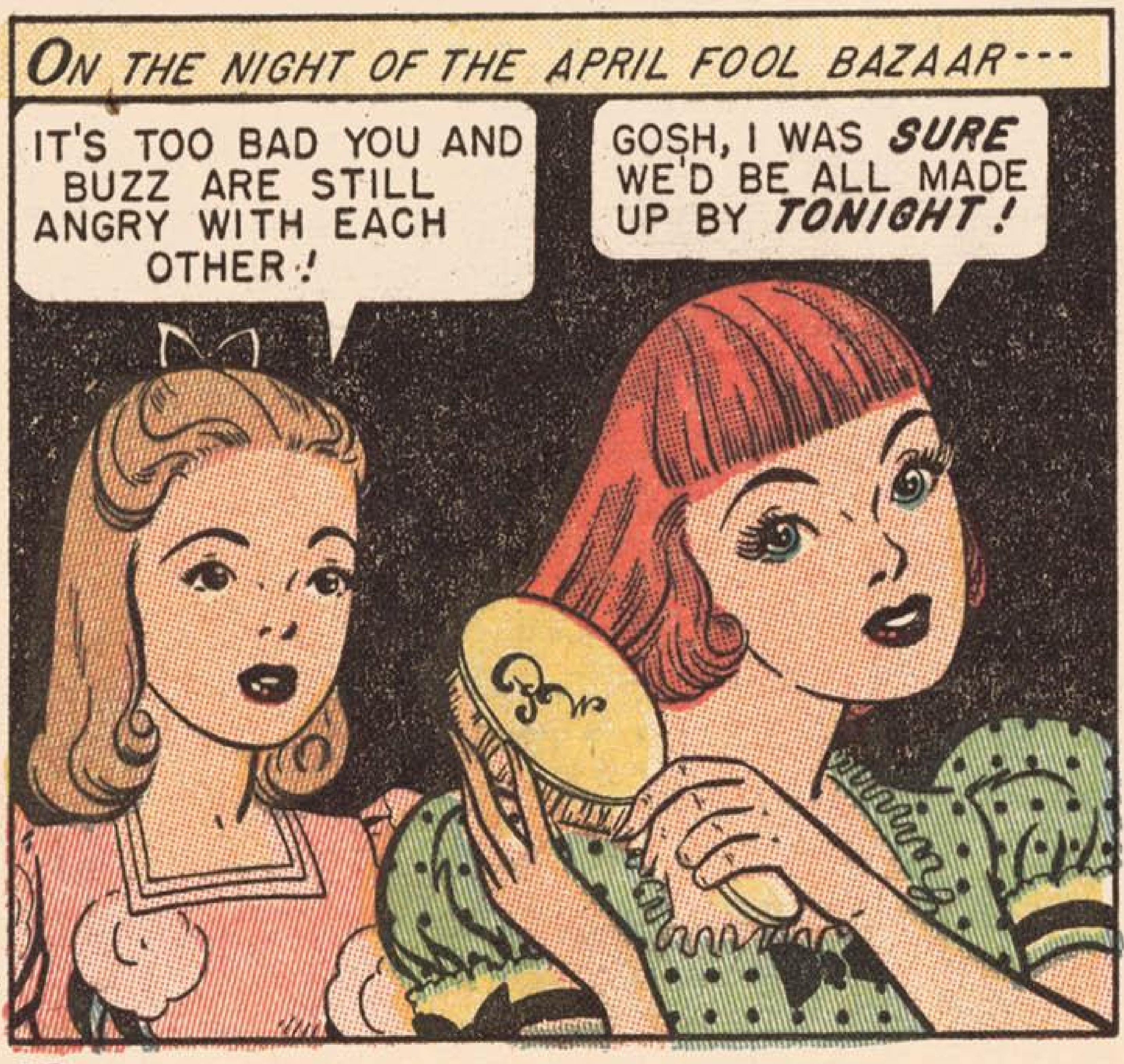
Dear Betty Ann—

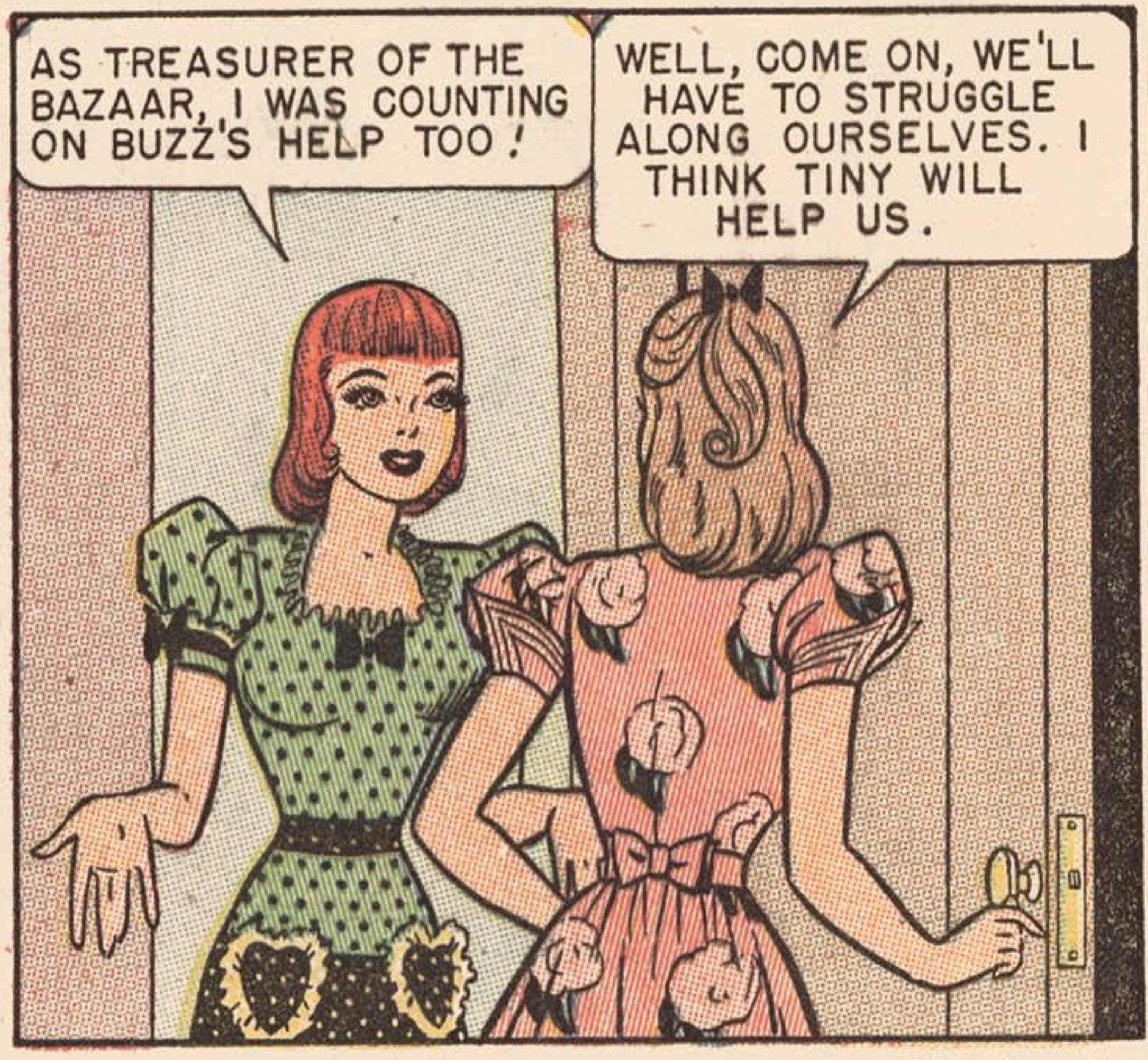
I trust that you have not been unduly worried about not hearing from me. But I've news for you, Kitten. (That's what Dr. Roberts calls me--"Kitten", isn't that cute?) The news is that I'm in the hospital, recovering from an appendectomy! Believe me, Betts, it was just as much a surprise to me as it is to you. I developed a terrific tummy ache one night. Pops said no wonder, because of the way I consumed a half plate of peanut butter fudge. By morning I was so limp and pale, I didn't care whether I existed any longer or not. Moms called our family doctor, but he was at Palm Springs on vacation, and a doctor who was carrying on in his absence came instead. I was too faint to notice how young and how handsome the new doctor was, but I recall Pops saying to Moms, "Do you think that young doctor has had enough experience to know what he's talking about?" Moms said he'd been in the army and had a good record. "Operate immediately," was the verdict, and Betts, an ambulance came up and took me to the hospital. The sirens were screaming and everything, except I was too sick to sit up and see all of the excitement. I really don't remember just what happened, because the doctor gave me a shot of morphine to deaden the pain, and I just plain passed out. Now, when I think back Betts, wouldn't it be terrible if I became a drug addict, all because of that shot of morphine? I've read stories about beautiful women

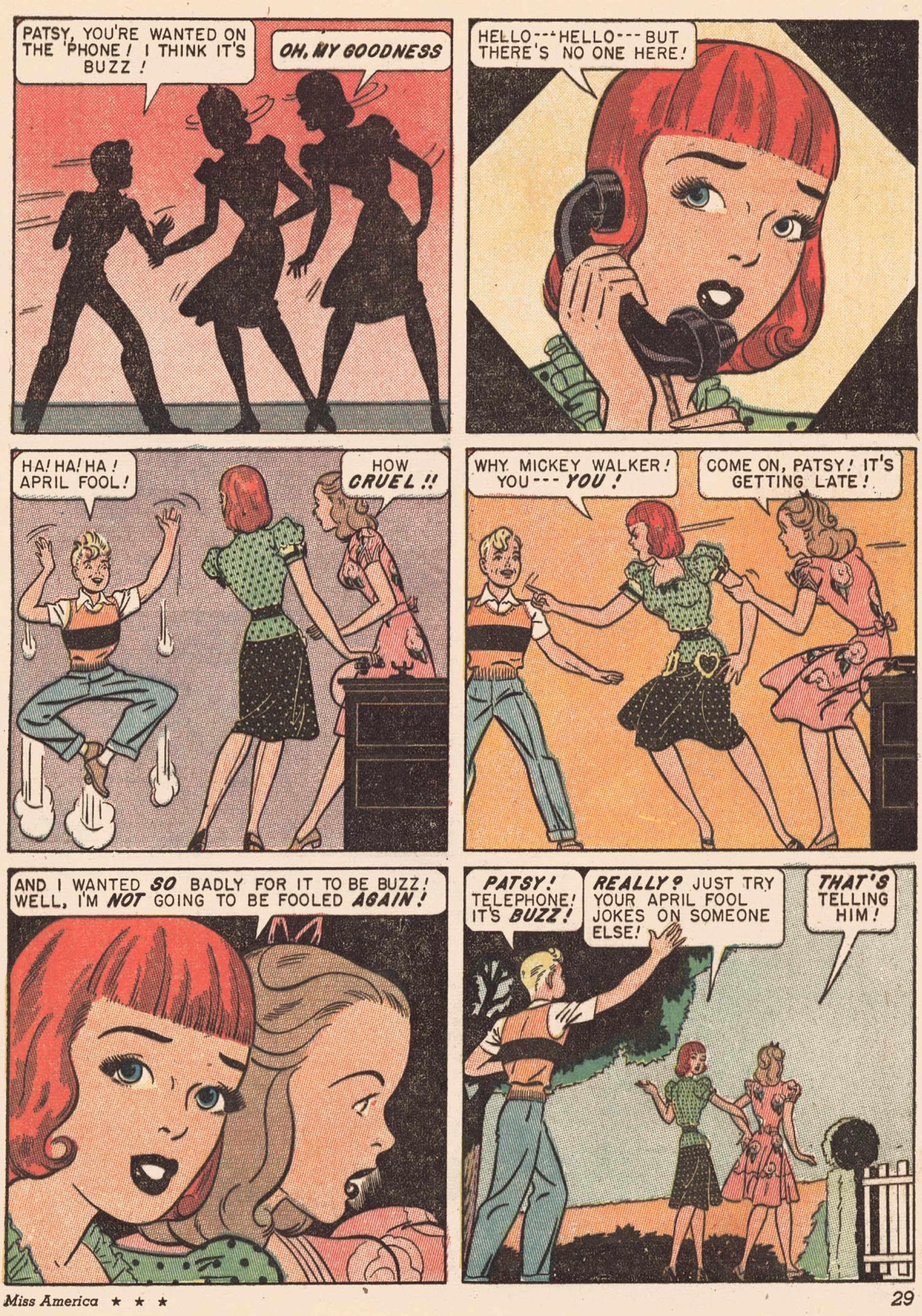
(Continued on page 41)

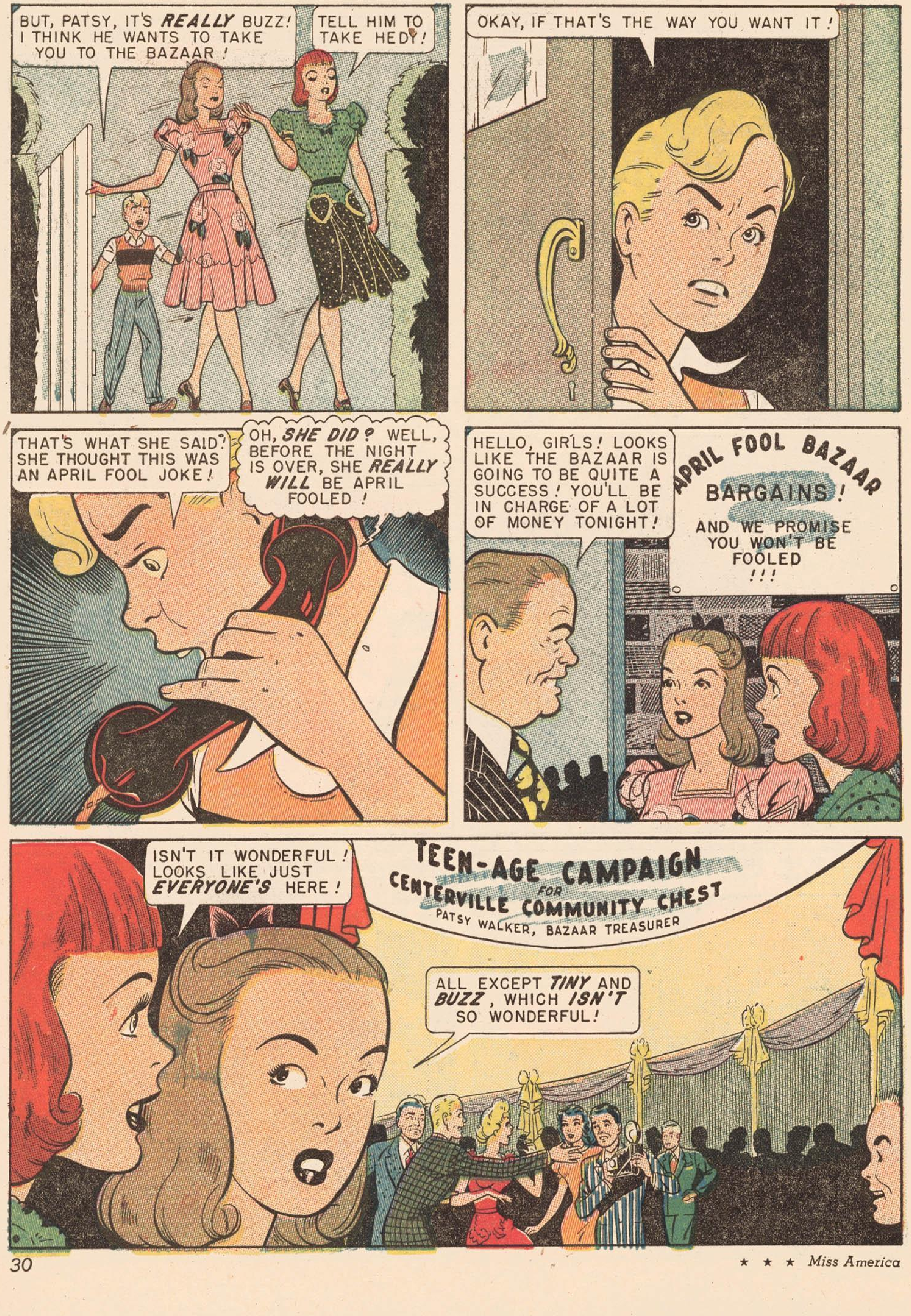
PATSY WALKER

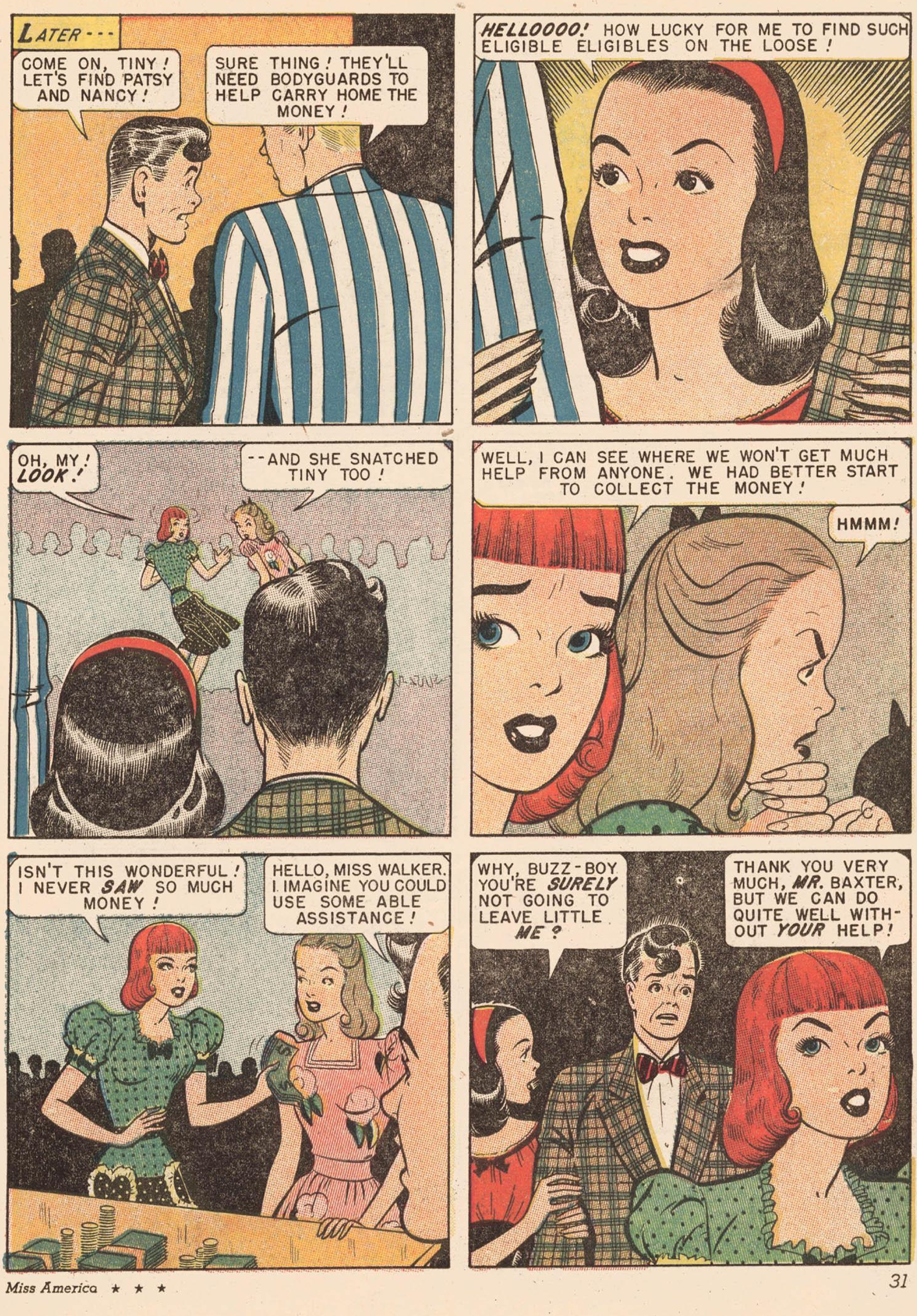

WELL, THIS IS *ONE* YEAR *I'M NOT GOING TO BE FOOLED!*
I'M NOT *EITHER!*
THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK!!
APRIL 1947
TUES. WED. THURS. FRI. SAT.
1 2 3 4 5
8 11 12
15 16
22 23 24

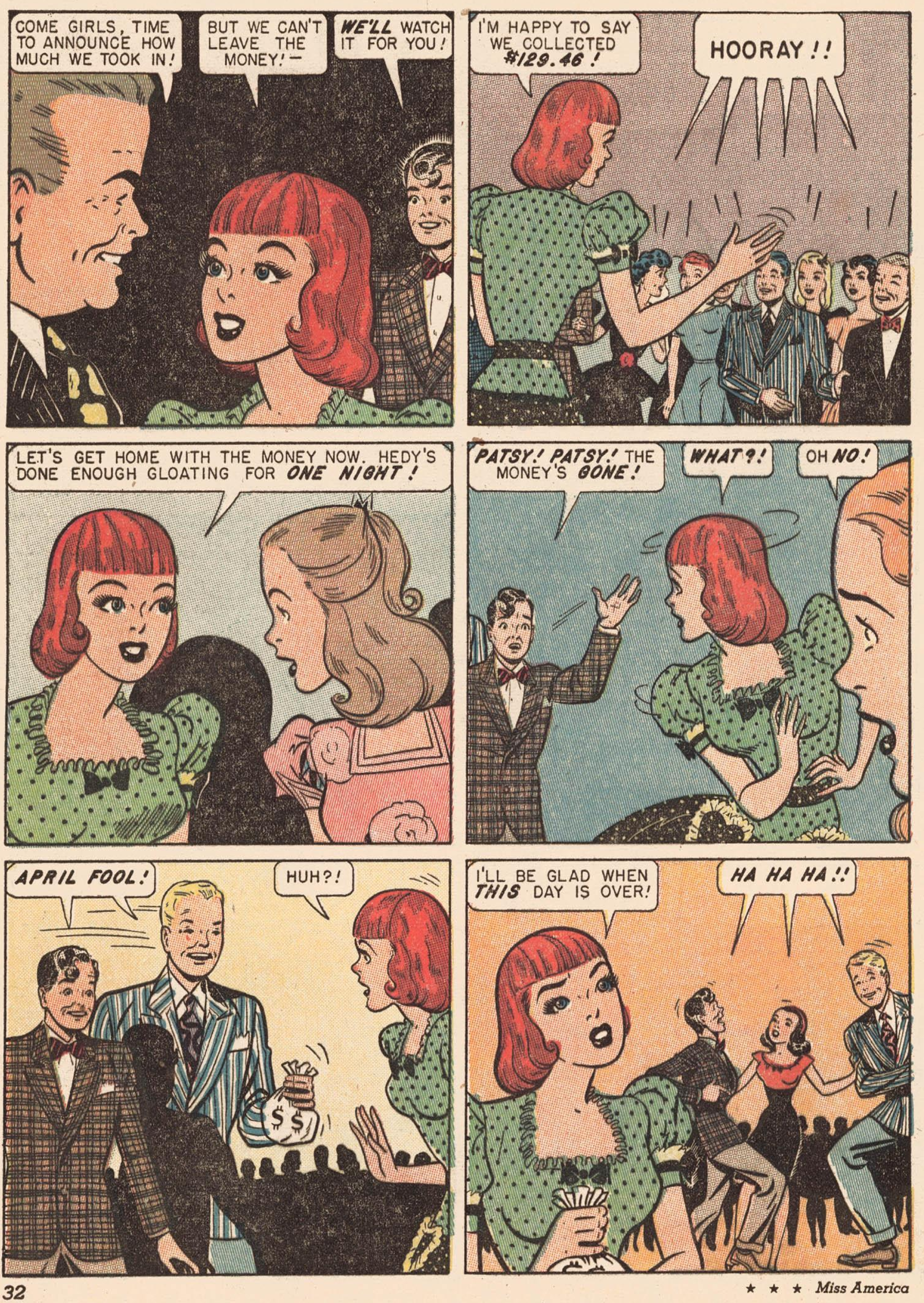

ON THE NIGHT OF THE APRIL FOOL BAZAAR---
IT'S TOO BAD YOU AND BUZZ ARE STILL ANGRY WITH EACH OTHER!
GOSH, I WAS *SURE* WE'D BE ALL MADE UP BY *TONIGHT!*

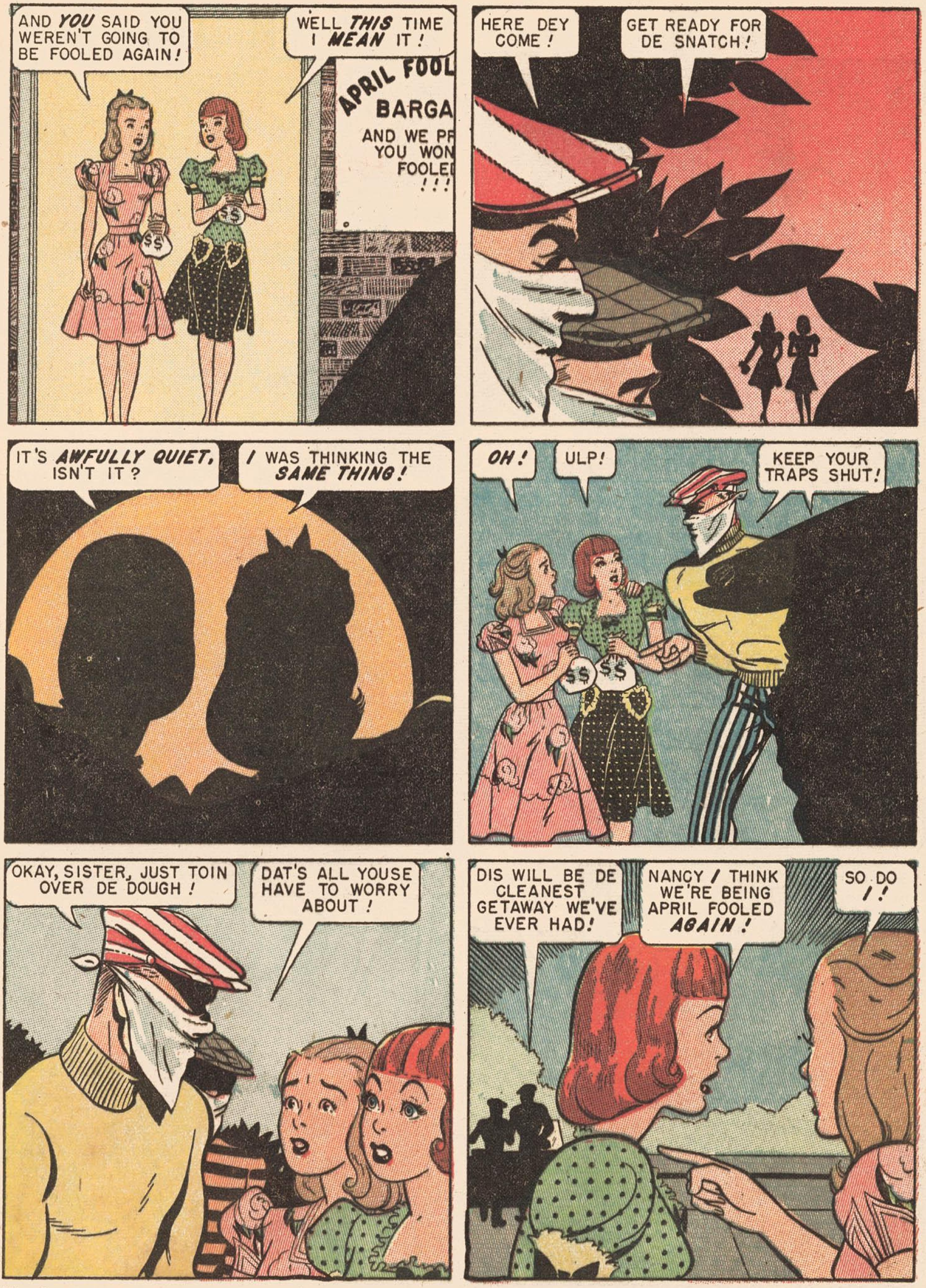

AS TREASURER OF THE BAZAAR, I WAS COUNTING ON BUZZ'S HELP TOO!
WELL, COME ON, WE'LL HAVE TO STRUGGLE ALONG OURSELVES. I THINK TINY WILL HELP US.

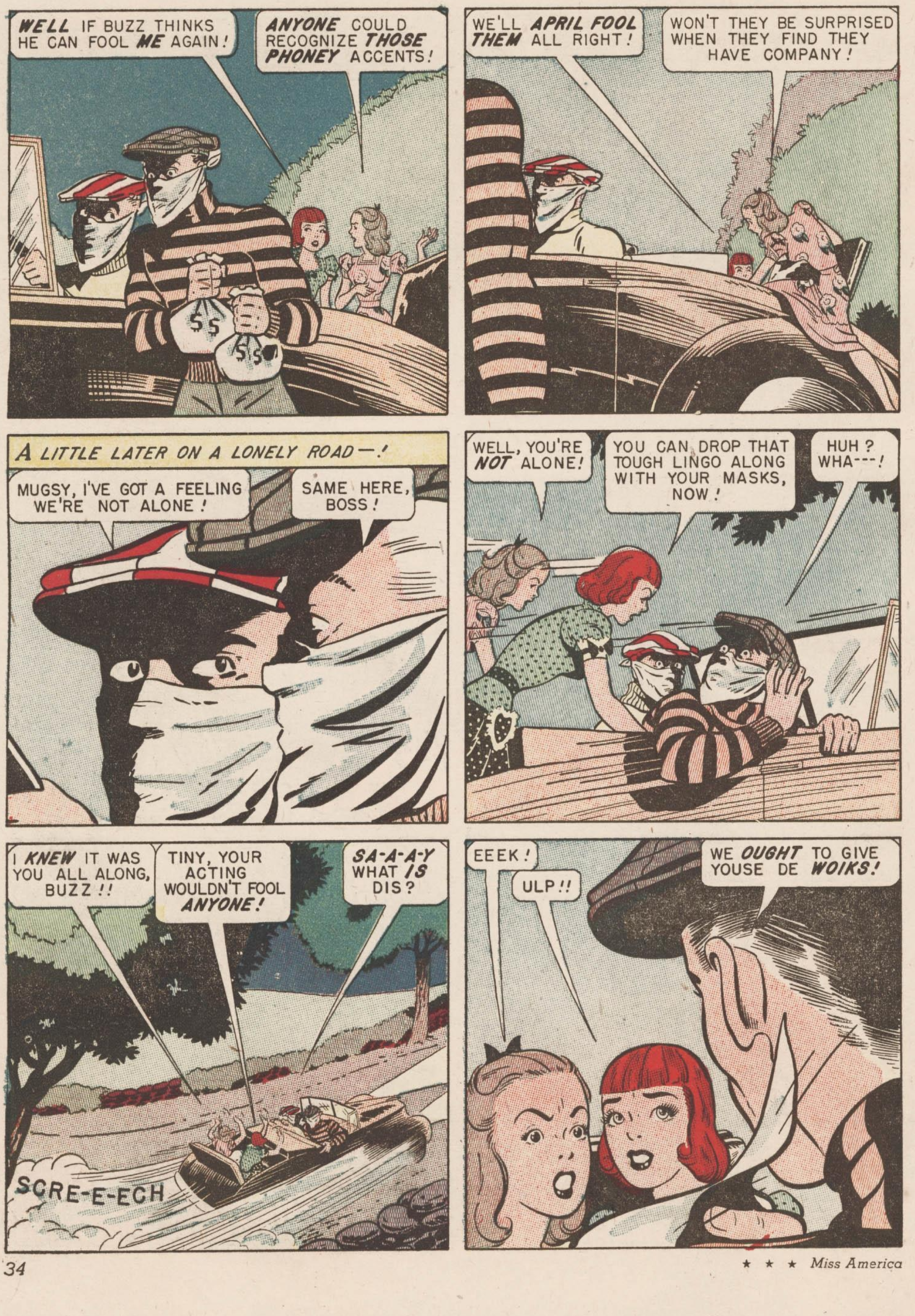

PATSY, YOU'RE WANTED ON THE 'PHONE! I THINK IT'S BUZZ!
OH, MY GOODNESS
HELLO---HELLO---BUT THERE'S NO ONE HERE!
HA! HA! HA! APRIL FOOL!
HOW CRUEL!!
WHY MICKEY WALKER! YOU---YOU!
COME ON, PATSY! IT'S GETTING LATE!
AND I WANTED SO BADLY FOR IT TO BE BUZZ! WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO BE FOOLED AGAIN!
PATSY! TELEPHONE! IT'S BUZZ!
REALLY? JUST TRY YOUR APRIL FOOL JOKES ON SOMEONE ELSE!
THAT'S TELLING HIM!

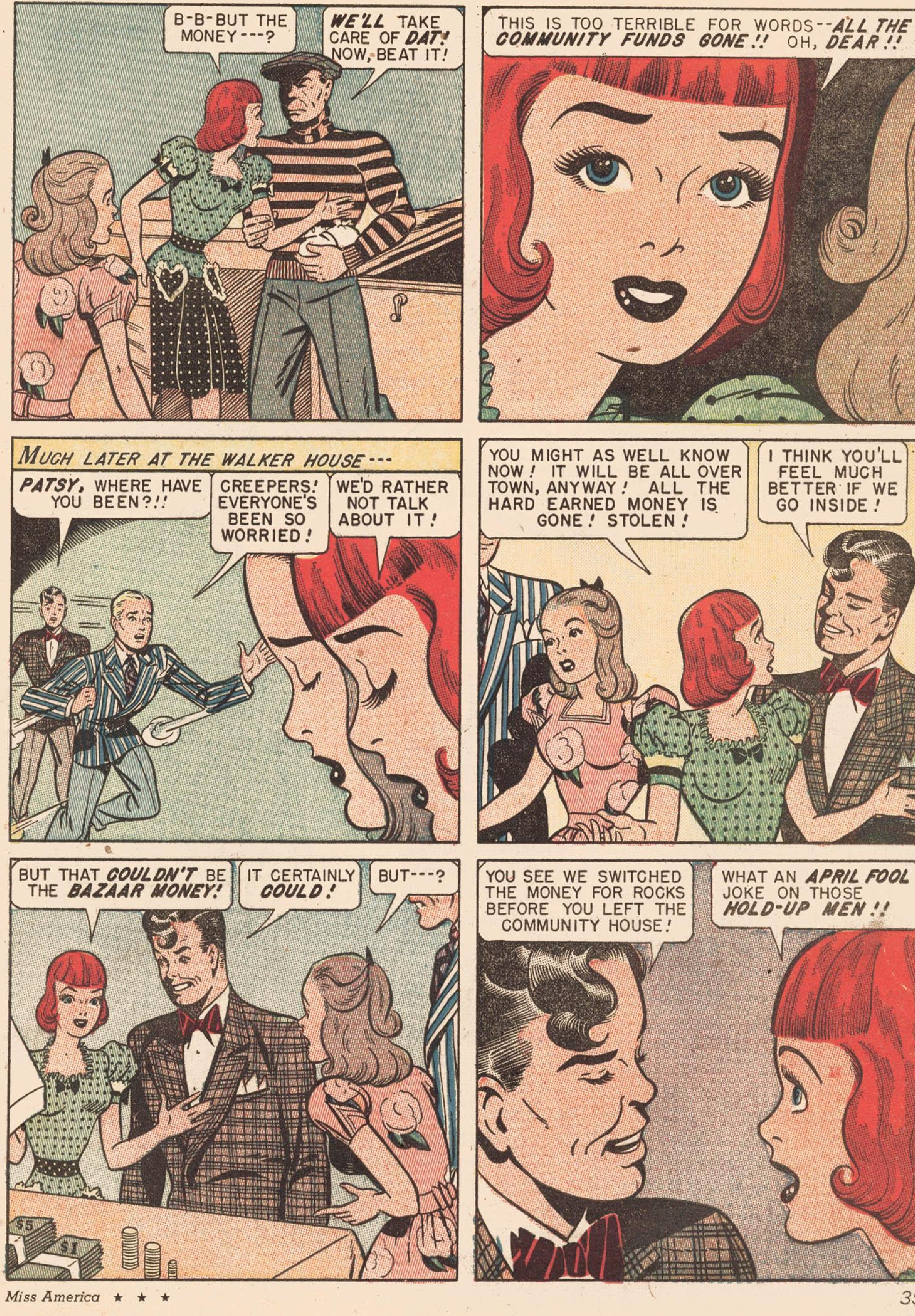

BUT, PATSY, IT'S *REALLY* BUZZ! I THINK HE WANTS TO TAKE YOU TO THE BAZAAR!
TELL HIM TO TAKE HEDY!
OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID! SHE THOUGHT THIS WAS AN APRIL FOOL JOKE!
OH, *SHE DID?* WELL, BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER, SHE *REALLY WILL* BE APRIL FOOLED!
HELLO, GIRLS! LOOKS LIKE THE BAZAAR IS GOING TO BE QUITE A SUCCESS! YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE OF A LOT OF MONEY TONIGHT!
APRIL FOOL BAZAAR
BARGAINS!
AND WE PROMISE YOU WON'T BE FOOLED !!!
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL! LOOKS LIKE JUST *EVERYONE'S* HERE!
TEEN-AGE CAMPAIGN FOR CENTERVILLE COMMUNITY CHEST
PATSY WALKER, BAZAAR TREASURER
ALL EXCEPT *TINY* AND *BUZZ*, WHICH *ISN'T* SO WONDERFUL!


LATER---
COME ON, TINY! LET'S FIND PATSY AND NANCY!
SURE THING! THEY'LL NEED BODYGUARDS TO HELP CARRY HOME THE MONEY!
HELLOOOO! HOW LUCKY FOR ME TO FIND SUCH ELIGIBLE ELIGIBLES ON THE LOOSE!
OH, MY! LOOK!
--AND SHE SNATCHED TINY TOO!
WELL, I CAN SEE WHERE WE WON'T GET MUCH HELP FROM ANYONE. WE HAD BETTER START TO COLLECT THE MONEY!
HMMM!
ISN'T THIS WONDERFUL! I NEVER SAW SO MUCH MONEY!
HELLO, MISS WALKER. I IMAGINE YOU COULD USE SOME ABLE ASSISTANCE!
WHY, BUZZ-BOY YOU'RE SURELY NOT GOING TO LEAVE LITTLE ME?
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MR. BAXTER, BUT WE CAN DO QUITE WELL WITHOUT YOUR HELP!


COME GIRLS, TIME TO ANNOUNCE HOW MUCH WE TOOK IN!
BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE THE MONEY!—
WE'LL WATCH IT FOR YOU!
I'M HAPPY TO SAY WE COLLECTED *$129.46*!
HOORAY!!
LET'S GET HOME WITH THE MONEY NOW. HEDY'S DONE ENOUGH GLOATING FOR *ONE NIGHT*!
PATSY! PATSY! THE MONEY'S *GONE*!
WHAT?!
OH *NO*!
APRIL FOOL!
HUH?!
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN *THIS* DAY IS OVER!
HA HA HA!!


AND YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T GOING TO BE FOOLED AGAIN!
WELL THIS TIME I MEAN IT!
APRIL FOOL
BARGA
AND WE PR
YOU WON
FOOLED
!!!
HERE DEY COME!
GET READY FOR DE SNATCH!
IT'S AWFULLY QUIET, ISN'T IT?
I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING!
OH!
ULP!
KEEP YOUR TRAPS SHUT!
$$
$$
OKAY, SISTER, JUST TOIN OVER DE DOUGH!
DAT'S ALL YOUSE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!
DIS WILL BE DE CLEANEST GETAWAY WE'VE EVER HAD!
NANCY I THINK WE'RE BEING APRIL FOOLED AGAIN!
SO DO I!


WELL IF BUZZ THINKS HE CAN FOOL ME AGAIN!
ANYONE COULD RECOGNIZE THOSE PHONEY ACCENTS!
$$
$$
WE'LL APRIL FOOL THEM ALL RIGHT!
WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY FIND THEY HAVE COMPANY!
A LITTLE LATER ON A LONELY ROAD—!
MUGSY, I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'RE NOT ALONE!
SAME HERE, BOSS!
WELL, YOU'RE NOT ALONE!
YOU CAN DROP THAT TOUGH LINGO ALONG WITH YOUR MASKS, NOW!
HUH? WHA---!
I KNEW IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG, BUZZ!!
TINY, YOUR ACTING WOULDN'T FOOL ANYONE!
SA-A-A-Y WHAT IS DIS?
SCRE-E-ECH
EEEK!
ULP!!
WE OUGHT TO GIVE YOUSE DE WOIKS!


B-B-BUT THE MONEY---?
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF DAT! NOW, BEAT IT!
THIS IS TOO TERRIBLE FOR WORDS--ALL THE COMMUNITY FUNDS GONE!! OH, DEAR!!
MUCH LATER AT THE WALKER HOUSE---
PATSY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!!
CREEPERS! EVERYONE'S BEEN SO WORRIED!
WE'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW NOW! IT WILL BE ALL OVER TOWN, ANYWAY! ALL THE HARD EARNED MONEY IS GONE! STOLEN!
I THINK YOU'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER IF WE GO INSIDE!
BUT THAT COULDN'T BE THE BAZAAR MONEY!
IT CERTAINLY COULD!
BUT---?
$5
$1
YOU SEE WE SWITCHED THE MONEY FOR ROCKS BEFORE YOU LEFT THE COMMUNITY HOUSE!
WHAT AN APRIL FOOL JOKE ON THOSE HOLD-UP MEN!!

NOBODY LIKES A PHONEY

Never underestimate the power of the gang to get at the bottom of those pretenses, it's a cinch you're only fooling yourself when you dress up the facts in fancy ribbons. . . .

by eleanor hiteshew

EVERY GANG has a couple of those characters who have a fondness for dressing up all facts in ribbons. They never *exactly* lie, they just sort of infer things. They may keep quiet and very willingly let everybody arrive at wrong conclusions when just a couple of words will set everything straight. It's a cinch that such types wind up fooling only themselves. Could be that the reason that they're always making with false impressions is because of a lurking inferiority complex. But when all the scores are in it's obvious that they only defeat themselves. The gang they're aiming to impress eventually gets wise to assorted pretenses and arrives at a reaction that hovers between pity and distrust, than which there is no more dreary set of sentiments on record.

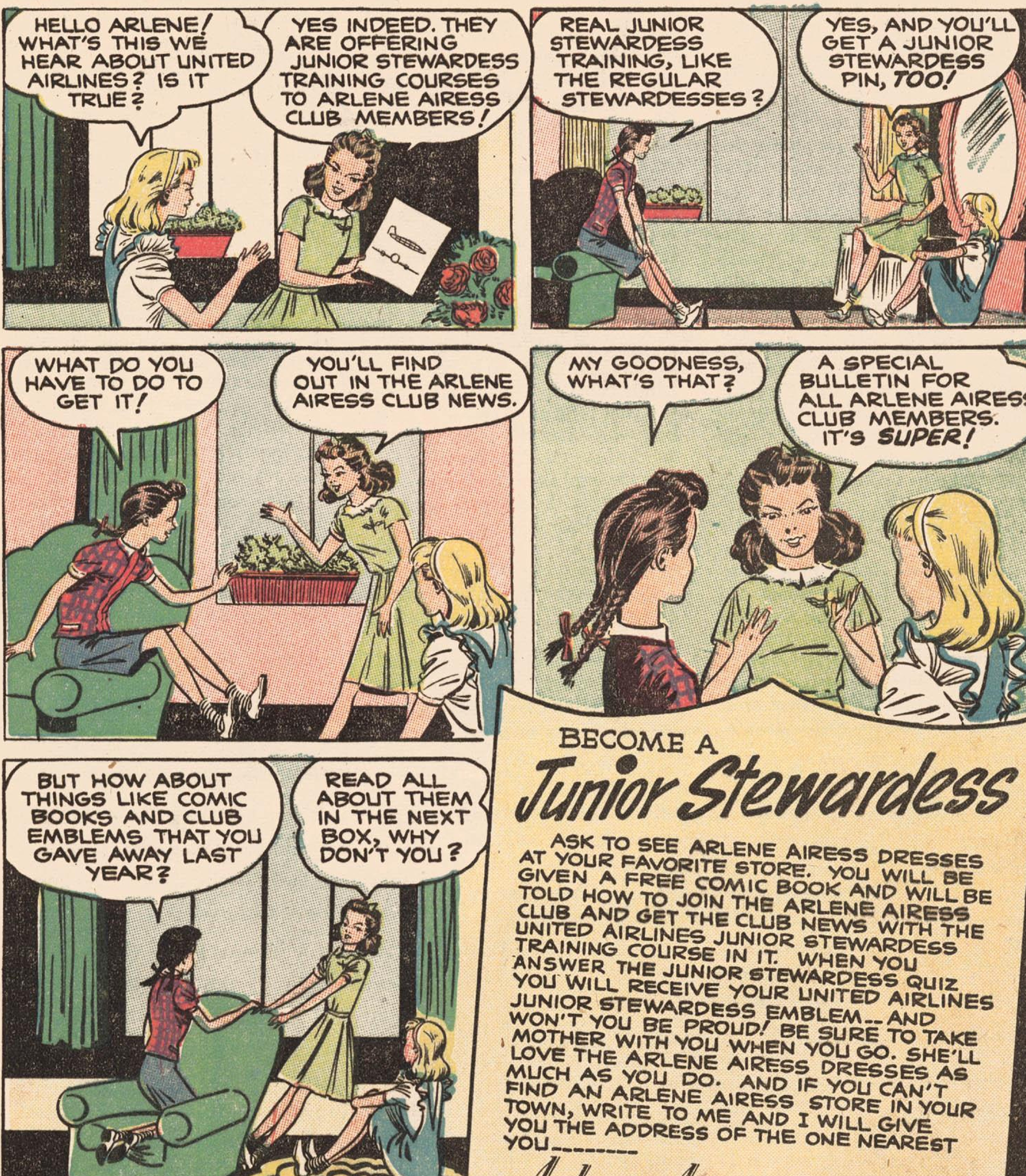
We have in mind, for instance, the chick who is a whiz with a needle, or whose mother is. Most of her clothes are home-made, and frankly they are usually a lot more knock-out than some of the off-the-rack items that her friends wear. But she has some weird idea that there's something wrong with wearing home-made clothes. Somebody coos "What a darling dress" and wants to know where it came from. This number says "Guess", calls it just an old thing, and fluffs off the question by switching to another subject as pronto as possible. If she did but know. Everybody would

(*Continued on page* 38)

THE ADVENTURES OF

ARLENE-AIRESS

JACK L. HONIG, INC.


HELLO ARLENE! WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR ABOUT UNITED AIRLINES? IS IT TRUE?
YES INDEED. THEY ARE OFFERING JUNIOR STEWARDESS TRAINING COURSES TO ARLENE AIRESS CLUB MEMBERS!
REAL JUNIOR STEWARDESS TRAINING, LIKE THE REGULAR STEWARDESSES?
YES, AND YOU'LL GET A JUNIOR STEWARDESS PIN, *TOO!*
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET IT!
YOU'LL FIND OUT IN THE ARLENE AIRESS CLUB NEWS.
MY GOODNESS, WHAT'S THAT?
A SPECIAL BULLETIN FOR ALL ARLENE AIRESS CLUB MEMBERS. IT'S *SUPER!*
BUT HOW ABOUT THINGS LIKE COMIC BOOKS AND CLUB EMBLEMS THAT YOU GAVE AWAY LAST YEAR?
READ ALL ABOUT THEM IN THE NEXT BOX, WHY DON'T YOU?

BECOME A

Junior Stewardess

ASK TO SEE ARLENE AIRESS DRESSES AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE. YOU WILL BE GIVEN A FREE COMIC BOOK AND WILL BE TOLD HOW TO JOIN THE ARLENE AIRESS CLUB AND GET THE CLUB NEWS WITH THE UNITED AIRLINES JUNIOR STEWARDESS TRAINING COURSE IN IT. WHEN YOU ANSWER THE JUNIOR STEWARDESS QUIZ YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR UNITED AIRLINES JUNIOR STEWARDESS EMBLEM-- AND WON'T YOU BE PROUD! BE SURE TO TAKE MOTHER WITH YOU WHEN YOU GO. SHE'LL LOVE THE ARLENE AIRESS DRESSES AS MUCH AS YOU DO. AND IF YOU CAN'T FIND AN ARLENE AIRESS STORE IN YOUR TOWN, WRITE TO ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS OF THE ONE NEAREST YOU--------

Arlene Airess
520 8TH AVE.
NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention MISS AMERICA.

NOBODY LIKES A PHONEY

From page 36

be filled to overflowing with admiration if she'd spill the news that she makes her duds with her own little hands. But the straight and simple answer somehow throws her. Her evasions have everybody baffled for a while, but eventually they dope out the answer and wonder what all the dark secret stuff is about.

Another type is the gal who is asked to join a sorority and is aching to say yes but knows she won't be able to scare up the dues. She's sick with disappointment, and the only sense-making thing to say is that she thinks it was swell to be asked, but she just can't swing it financially. In a stew of resentment and a sort of humiliation over not being able to join, she pops out with the statement that she thinks all sororities are a mess and she wouldn't be mixed up in one, even for a date with Van Johnson. Well, some people do take a dim view of joining sororities, but if a gal really would like to join—and can't—there's no percentage in dishing out a lot of sour grapes stuff.

Then there are the ones who are ashamed of their homes and families. They say Daddy is so sentimental about that gruesome old house, getting over the implied p.s. that if it weren't for Daddy's sentiment and the housing shortage they would be moving to a much splashier set-up faster than you could say *Miss America.* Actually Daddy and mother are having a pretty rough time financially and figure they're pretty lucky to have the gruesome old house in which to hang their hats. Or these sad sisters are always in an agony over the shabby furniture or the remarks Daddy makes or the fact that Mother has an accent. So they nose around the general impression that their parents don't like to have kids hanging around, and always fix it so they meet people somewhere outside instead of being called for at home.

If the family is suddenly snowed under by bills and mother takes a part-time job to help out, they try to keep the fact under cover or else say that you never know what mother is going to do next as if the whole project were just whimsy on mother's part instead of financial necessity. Nobody is bamboozled by make-believe like this, not long anyway! The girl or boy who rates the long range respect of the crowd is the one whose attitude implies "Here is my family and I think they're very okay. So take it or leave it."

But the fairy-tale weaver we're talking about has the mistaken idea that she achieves some kind of glamor herself by gilding the real circumstances.

It's a tendency that pops out in a dozen ways. And vague misrepresentation is a subtle little habit that is really murder when it takes a good hold. It gets so that it's practically impossible to make any kind of an unadorned statement . . . a habit that is bad enough when you're young, which is apt to spill over into when you're older, creating a phoney kind of personality that every body edges away from.

We can think of a fistful of instances we've bumped into that are just more of the same, like, for instance, boys who can't afford to treat a girl to even as much as a coke, so in bull sessions they come out with the testy comment that girls are a mess anyway, and taking them out is a dull business he wants no part of.

We live in no dream world, you understand. We harbor no illusions that the on-the-level way is always the easiest way. Sometimes it comes extra hard and there are times when nothing seemed more alluring than dolling up the facts of the case. But in the long run honesty is the best policy, to coin a tired cliché. In the first place it's really a little wearing to get tangled up in a mesh of fabrications. In the second place, the desired effect — trying to impress people—is scheduled to eventually fall very flat on its face. And in the third and most important place, it isn't a rigamorole that in the slightest degree helps you develop into the kind of person you really want to be, either now or later.

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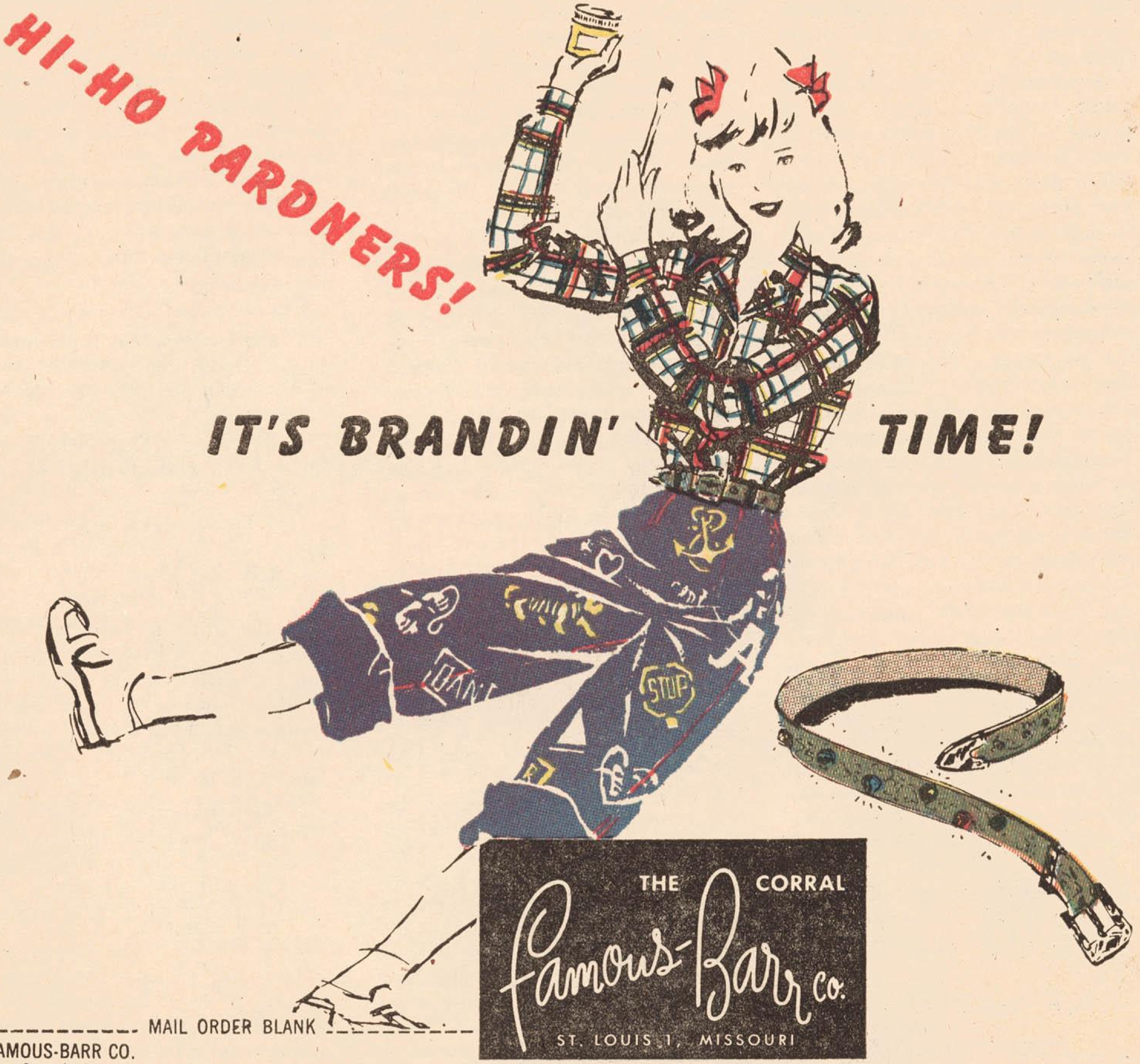
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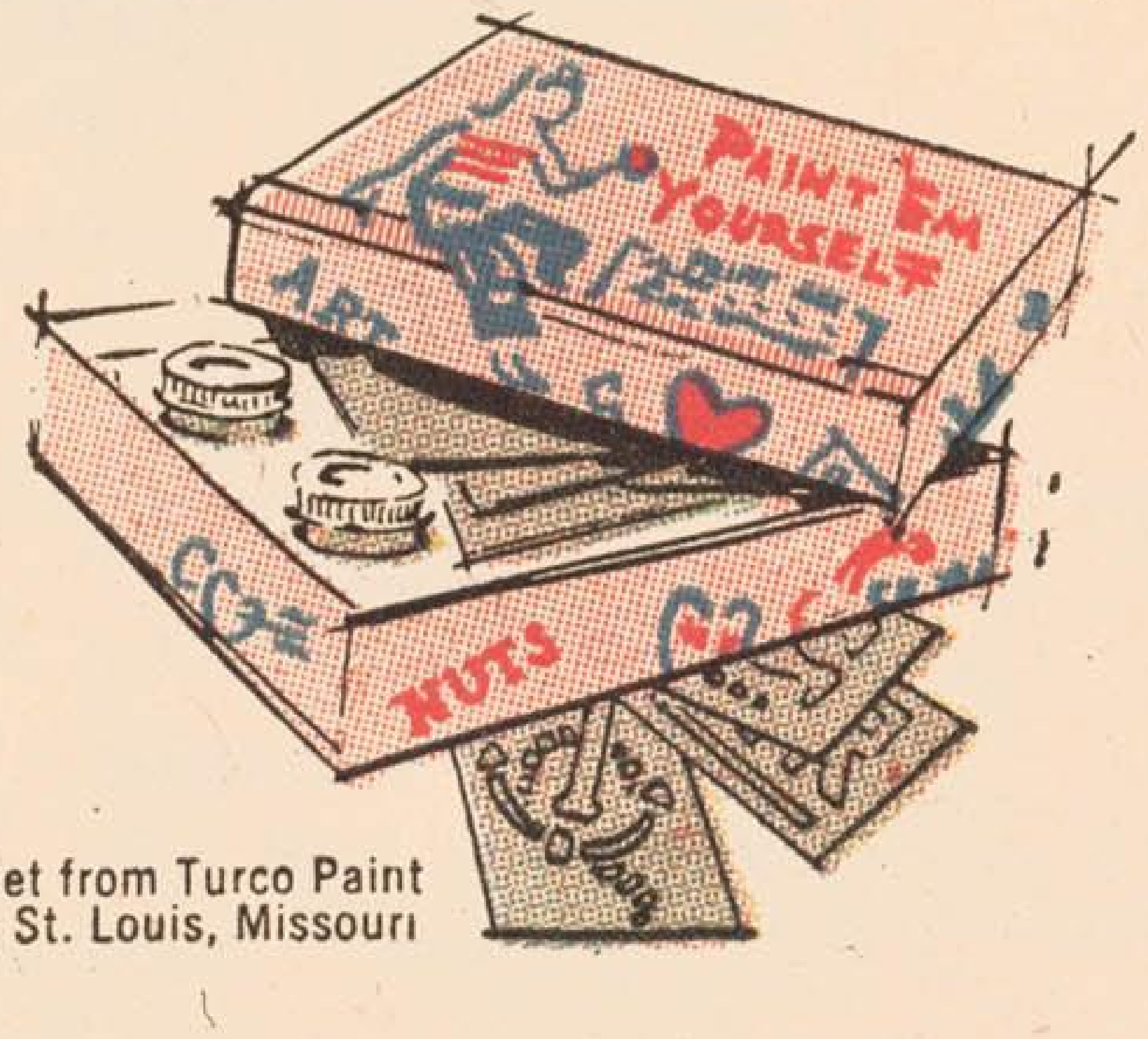


Paint Set from Turco Paint Company, St. Louis, Missouri

ROMANCE RIDES AGAIN

From page 23

professor," Sally explained kindly, "and you know how professors are, sort of absent-minded and unworldly. What does he know about life? How would he know about human nature?"

Fern turned a page without bothering to look at it. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Miss Evans, the teacher in charge, relax. "You don't," her voice was shocked, "sit around listening to them, do you? I mean, after all if the thing is ever going to amount to anything they need privacy."

Sally drew herself up. "Really, Fern. Do I look like the kind of girl who'd sit around the living room darning while her mother was entertaining a big date?"

Fern blinked. "I can't figure it. I mean really. There's your mother, who's a peach, and Professor Cartwright who's pretty terrific, for a professor, and neither of them getting any younger, just wasting the best years of their lives sitting around mooning at each other. What's the matter with them?"

Sally shook her head glumly. She returned to her book without much enthusiasm.

Fern glanced indifferently at her own book. Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet"*... what light at yonder window shines? It is the East and Juliet is the sun.* She started to close the tome, then suddenly she shot upright in her chair. "Golly," she breathed, "What single thing will put new life in a romance when it would otherwise die of indifference or old age?"

Sally looked startled. "Competition?"

"Not always. This thing is surefire."

Sally tried to look bright.

"Oh look," Fern said impatiently. "Why was Romeo so mad about that silly Juliet? There were probably loads of other cute little Italian chicks just aching to have him spout poetry at them. Why did he insist on Juliet?"

Sally succeeded in looking thoroughly bewildered.

"Goon child," Fern said tenderly. "Opposition! The Montagues or maybe it was the Capulets, opposed Romeo. It never fails. Whatever you can't have is exactly what you want. Professor Cartwright's had it too easy. Your mother will accept him any time he gets around to proposing—he thinks. So . . . all you have to do is pretend you're against it. You don't want your mother to get married again, and if you did it wouldn't be to a Professor, and if it was to a Professor, it wouldn't be Tim Cartwright."

"Hmmm," Sally said thoughtfully. "Shakespeare really knew about those things, didn't he?"

"Well his books haven't gone out of print or anything," Fern pointed out sagely.

"Hmmm," Sally said again, on a rising scale.

It was close to eleven when Sally got home Saturday night. She unlocked the door, tossed her sweater in the hall closet and slung her skates next to them on the shelf. Then she turned to enter the living-room.

In the doorway she paused. They had evidently not heard her come in, for they were seated on the couch facing each other. Between them lay the scattered pages which Sally recognized as Professor Cartwright's manuscript. On the papers lay her mother's hand. Over it lay the Professor's. They were smiling at each other, and her mother had never, Sally thought, looked so enchantingly lovely.

It was going to be tough, Sally decided, presenting any opposition to this match. Why, they were made for each other. She couldn't remember her father, who had died when she was five, but far from resenting a male presence in what had been so exclusively a female household, Sally welcomed it. Besides, Tim Cartwright was better looking than Mary Jane's father, and smarter than Fern's. He would make a very superior parent. She beamed tenderly at the cozy domestic scene.

Then she straightened resolutely. This was no domestic scene. Probably there wouldn't ever be any domestic scene unless somebody took some action.

She coughed delicately.

"Why hello chick," Mary Holden said. "Did you have fun?"

Sally shrugged. "It was all right. I'd rather have stayed home."

"Why didn't you? We didn't do much of anything, and Tim could have used a more discerning audience for his two newest chapters."

"I'm tired of books," Sally said pointedly. "Everything's changed here anyway. It's not as much fun as it used to be on Saturday nights when there were just the two of us."

With a pained fascination she intercepted the stricken glance that passed from her mother to Tim Cartwright.

"Sally Holden," the older woman said. "That's unaccountably rude and you can apologize before you go upstairs."

Sally rose. "I'm sorry," she blurted and walked stiffly from the room.

On Wednesday night during Tim's visit, Sally observed dispassionately that Marge Murphy simply loathed her stepfather.

On the following Saturday night, Professor Timothy Cartwright was conspicuously absent from the Holden living room. Sally looked at her watch at eight, at eight-thirty, and at eight-forty-five. "Where's Tim? Isn't he well?"

"I thought," Mary Holden said diffidently, "we might spend a little time together tonight. Just the two of us. Sort of like old times."

"Oh swell," Sally said. "That's just . . . swell."

They sat opposite each other, smiling strained smiles. The conversation jerked from topic to topic and the spaces between grew longer and more embarrassing. It was a thoroughly miserable evening. At ten-thirty, as though by tacit agreement, they began turning out lights.

When Sally discovered that Wednesday night would be a repetition of Saturday, she was startled. If her mother was going to spend the evening at home alone, she couldn't very well go off skating. When her mother was in the bedroom, Sally telephoned Fern and canceled their date.

All evening Mary Holden prowled the living room straightening books and flowers and Sally chewed her nails over a mystery that she found unaccountably difficult to follow. Once more they retired early.

Twice, during the week that followed, Sally heard the sound of subdued crying from her mother's bedroom. A dull ache began to grow in her. It wasn't working out at all. Things were bad enough before, but where they had been merely exasperating, they were fast becoming tragic. A pall of silence fell over the household which Mary and Sally tried desperately to banish with animated conversations that petered out after a few desultory sentences.

Finally, one evening, Sally slipped into her green coat, adjusted the hood over her darkly curling hair and stalked out into the night to brood.

On College Walk she spied Professor Cartwright ambling along examining the sidewalk with fascinated interest. She reached him in three furious strides.

"Ha," she said.

Professor Cartwright lifted his gaze from the sidewalk. The light from a street lamp fell on his face and Sally was shocked. He looked even worse than her mother. He looked, somehow, pitiful.

In a split second of deep compassion Sally tossed Shakespeare overboard. "Where've you been? We've missed you."

The Professor's eyes lighted for a moment hopefully. Then they fell. "Your mother didn't ask you to find me, did she?"

"Well, no," Sally admitted. "But she's lonesome. I know she is." She eyed him speculatively. Why, she wondered, don't you ask her to marry you, you big lug? It wasn't until she heard the words reverberating in the still air that Sally realized she had spoken them aloud. She colored hotly.

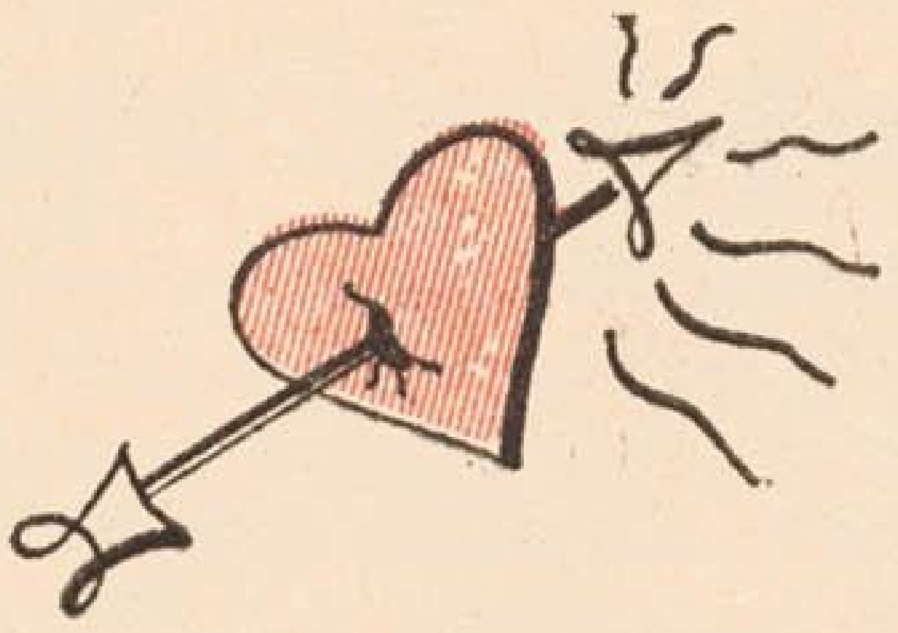
"I did," the Professor said.

Sally mumbled from the depths of her embarrassment, "I'm terribly sorry." Then her eyes widened. "You did?"

"Two weeks after I met her."

"But golly," Sally stammered. "Then why . . . but what . . ."

"She didn't want to hurt you. She wanted to be sure you liked me and that you didn't resent the idea of a stepfather. We were all ready to tell you that Saturday



night you came home from skating. Only that was the first time we realized you *didn't* like me."

"Shakespeare," Sally muttered.

"I realize I'm no great catch," he said painfully. "College professors are rarely overpaid, but I love your mother, and I'd hoped the book would . . ."

With a calm assurance Sally reversed herself on the possibilities of Professor Cartwright's book. She hooked her arm through his. "Let's go home. Mom's baking a chocolate cake." She skipped two steps. "Your book will be a tremendous success," she assured him.

And she believed it implicitly. After all, she thought, suppose he wasn't worldly or knowing. Look at the way Shakespeare sold, when it was perfectly obvious to one and all that Will Shakespeare didn't know beans about human nature.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

who started that way, just through an operation.

I was a long time coming out of it. My first impression was Moms by the bed crying and Pops trying to wipe away his own tears. After all I'm their only daughter!

I just stayed perfectly quiet and watched them for a while, being still kind of dazed myself. Then Moms was saying, "Oh, my poor baby! How do you feel?" And Pops was grabbing my hands.

The real thrill, Betts, and the reason that my bobby socks are hanging at half mast, is Dr. Roberts. He is so handsome, he looks almost like Peter Lawford. And while he's as professional as can be he'd say, "Well, Kitten, how are you?" Betts, I was positively thrilled to my toe-tips. Confidentially I began to think that I had been wasting my time on Rusty and Walter, who are pretty juvenile.

After two days to think it over, I decided that I could well forego the giddy side of my young life and settle down to being a doctor's wife. Especially Dr. Roberts'. Imagine his having to go on all of those calls alone, when I could go along with him, cheering him and building up his morale under trying times. Really Betts, the depth of my serious emotions is amazing.

After thinking all this out very carefully, I was a little perturbed when Rusty came to see me, just when I was expecting Dr. Roberts. I didn't want the doctor to mistakenly think that I was engaged to Rusty. Because Rusty brought me an armful of roses that must have cost him two weeks allowance.

"That's okay, Vicky," Rusty gallantly laughed off the roses, "I can't take you to the movies, or anything, because you'll be here in the hospital for ten days, and I'm not taking any other girl out, so I spent the money all on the flowers."

"Ahem, red roses, young lady!" Dr. Roberts walked in as Rusty was telling me all this. "You're lucky to have such a devoted admirer."

What next happens but he says, "Kitten, I'd like you to meet the girl I send red roses to on our wedding anniversary."

Betts, if I hadn't already been in bed, I'd probably have fainted. I never suspected that Dr. Roberts was married. Worse, Mrs. Roberts was actually beautiful, in, of course, a matronly, mature older woman way. She must be all of twenty-five, and she has a two-year-old son, she said later. It was very deflating, as you can understand, Betts.

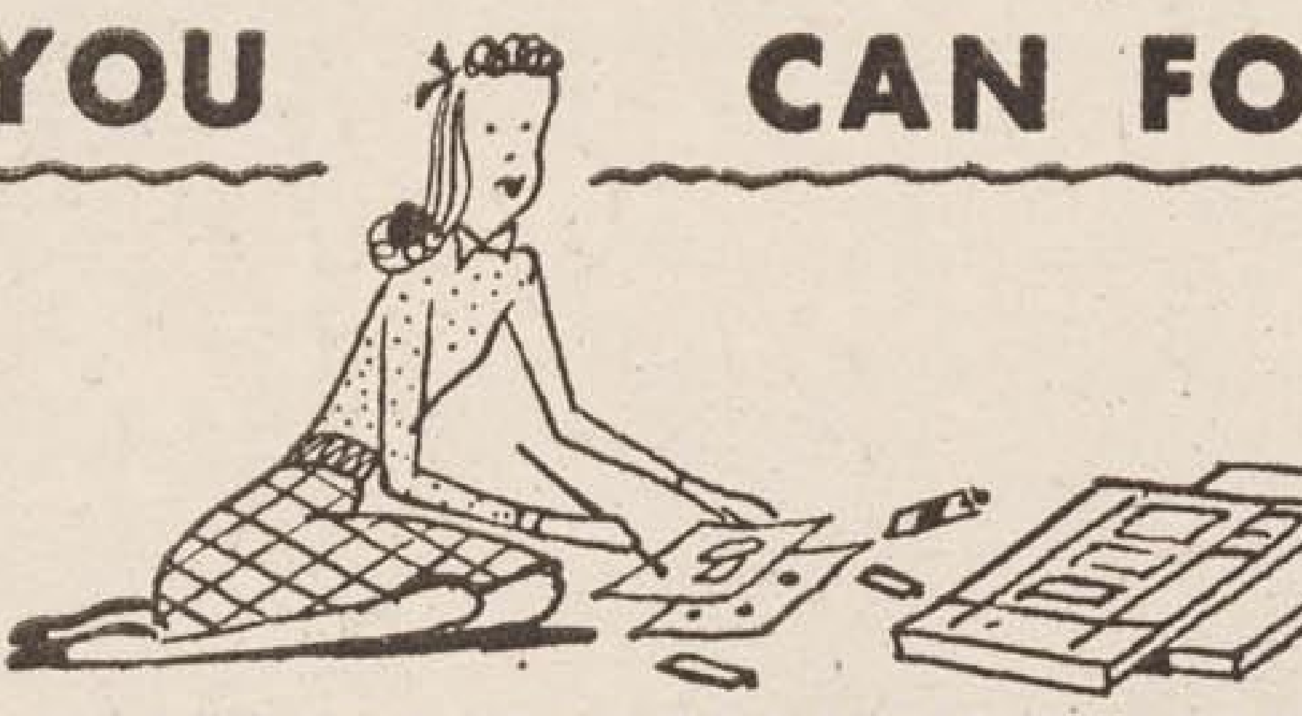
Since I am a potential actress with a real ambition to go into the movies, I turned on a smile and said, "Mrs. Roberts I am charmed to meet you. You are very fortunate to have such a handsome doctor for a husband as Dr. Roberts."

Then I was mortified, because I knew I had said the wrong thing, but she just laughed and said, "Yes, the doctor is wonderful. And so are his patients, so sweet and pretty." Wasn't that nice, Betts? I think I like Mrs. Roberts *almost* as much as the doctor, now.

Devotedly,

Vickie.

IF YOU CAN FOLLOW A LINE WITH A PENCIL...



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2. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and be painted with C V H Plastic Relievo Colors. Entries must be mailed in time to be received no later than July 26th, 1947.
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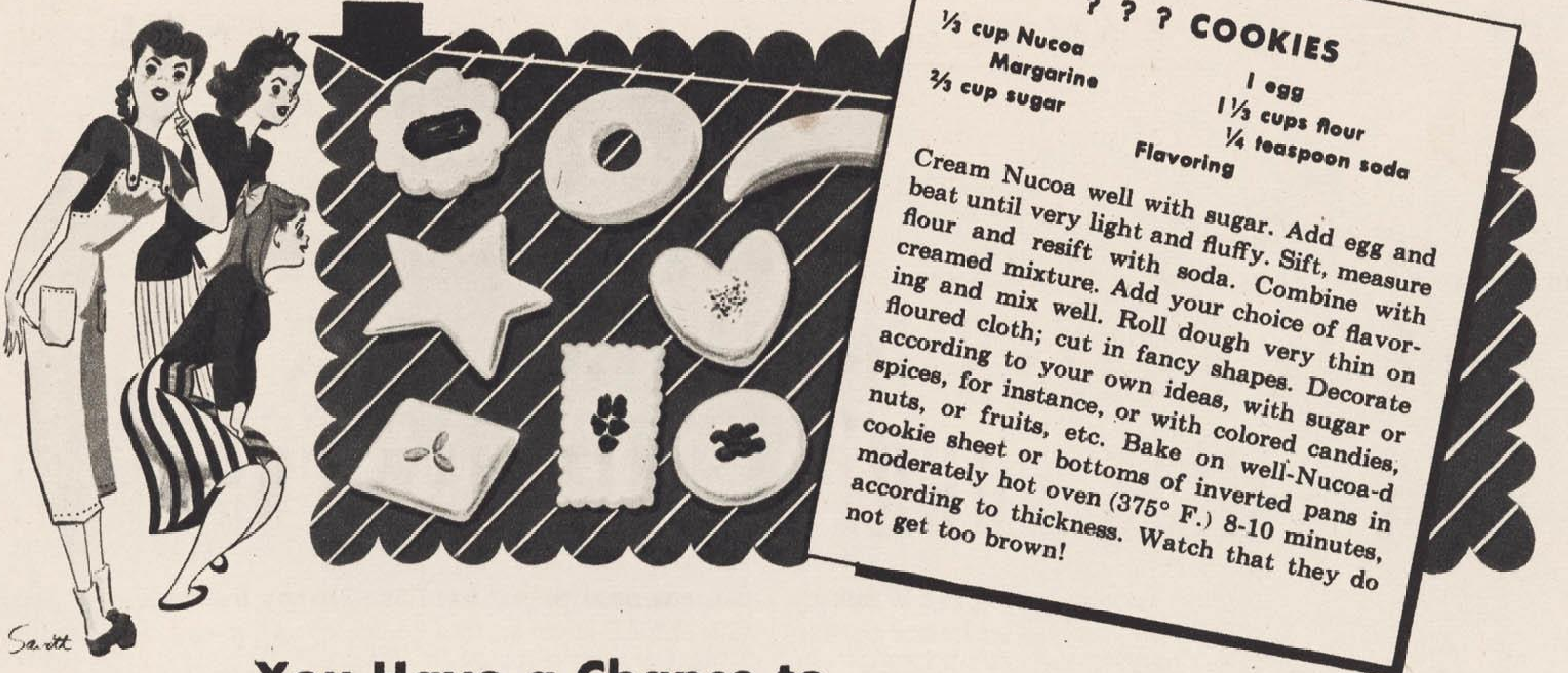
$1295.00 total prizes in this issue.

These cookies want a name!



? ? ? COOKIES

⅓ cup Nucoa Margarine
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
1⅓ cups flour
¼ teaspoon soda
Flavoring

Cream Nucoa well with sugar. Add egg and beat until very light and fluffy. Sift, measure flour and resift with soda. Combine with creamed mixture. Add your choice of flavoring and mix well. Roll dough very thin on floured cloth; cut in fancy shapes. Decorate according to your own ideas, with sugar or spices, for instance, or with colored candies, nuts, or fruits, etc. Bake on well-Nucoa-d cookie sheet or bottoms of inverted pans in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 8-10 minutes, according to thickness. Watch that they do not get too brown!

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WIN $75.00 FIRST PRIZE

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18 CASH PRIZES

First Prize	$75.00
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Third Prize	25.00

15 Prizes of $10.00 each

Turn to page 55 for your *Official Entry Blank* and complete *Contest Rules.*

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Make Nucoa Cookies by the basic recipe given above, adding your own individualizing touch of shaping, flavoring, or decorating your cookies—then NAME THE RESULT.

Prizes will be awarded for the cutest, most appropriate cookie names.

LOOK—IT'S EASY! How do you get a name for your cookies?

Well, you might base the name on a characteristic of the cookies—like, if you've cut them star-shape, calling them "Stellas" (See First Year Latin Dictionary!) Or, if you've made orange-flavored cookies, you might call them "Orange Crunch."

Or—let your friends taste your cookies, then base the name on their enthusiastic comments. Like—well, Tom says "Jeepers, these *send* me!"—so you name 'em "Dispatchers"—see? Or, maybe you've decorated your cookies with a date in the middle and Jack's in such an expansive mood when he eats them that he says, "Hey—go to the dance with me Friday?" So naturally you name your cookies "Date Makers"!

Nucoa cookies are so delicious (because Nucoa adds such delicate, rich flavor) that you'll get compliments galore—and lots of bright ideas for names!

I SEE GOOD THINGS COOKING FOR YOU!

Who knows?—maybe entering this contest will be the point in your life where you get interested in cooking—and you know joes are impressed with jills who can cook! It's a fine start to get acquainted with Nucoa. Because Nucoa is a delicious spread for bread, it adds expensive-tasting richness—yet Nucoa costs so little! A THRIFTY good cook is a guy's dream of angels.

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RULES FOR CONTEST AND ENTRY BLANKS ON PAGE 55

$245 *in Cash Prizes*

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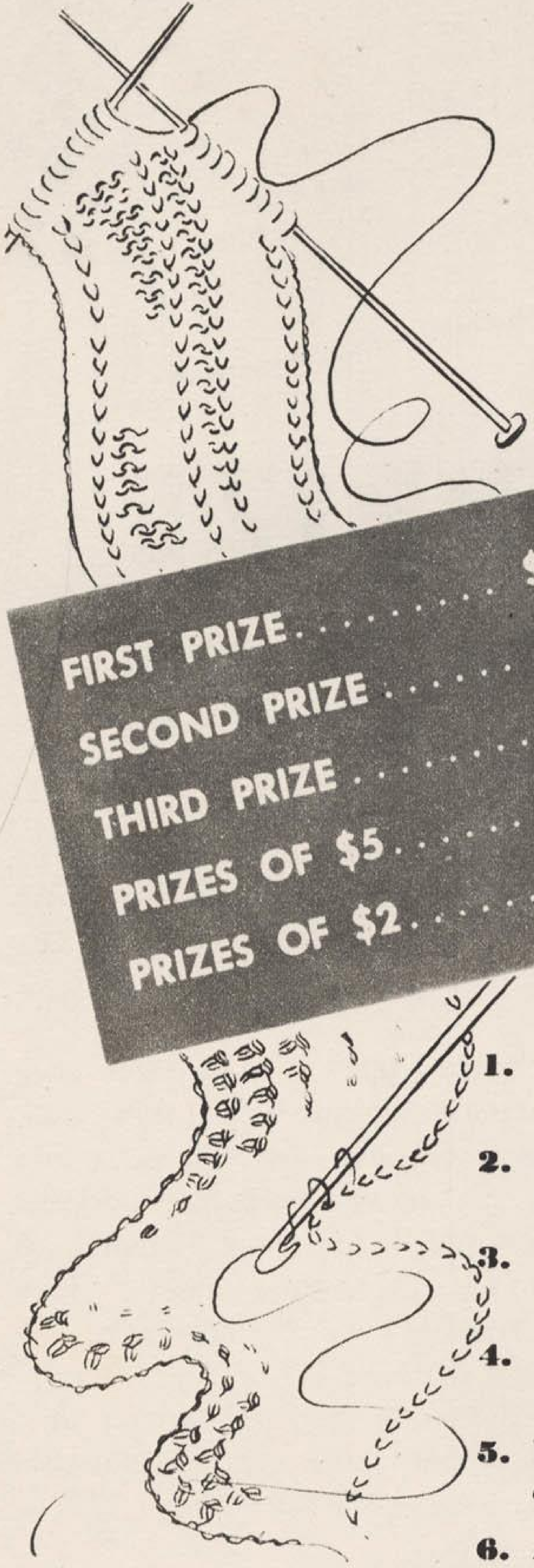
KNITTING and CROCHETING CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE	$75
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THIRD PRIZE	$10
PRIZES OF $5	13
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Fun and profit are in store for you if you can knit or crochet. Just dream up your own pet idea for one of the fashions listed below or make something from instructions in a Star Instruction Book — and then get yourself some Star Brand Thread or Dawn Wool — and start your needles clicking. It's like a game, really fascinating — and may be your start as a real fashion creator. And think how thrilling it will be to win one of these cash prizes!

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1. **All entries must be mailed in time to arrive in New York no later than October 1, 1947.**
2. **Mail entries to American Thread Company — Miss America Contest — c/o Mrs. Katherine Straube, 20-40 121st Street, College Point, N. Y.**
3. **Entries must have labels or tickets from Star Brand Thread or Dawn Brand Wool pinned securely to them.**
4. **Decisions of the judges will be final and will be based upon workmanship and originality.**
5. **Prize-winning pieces will be shown at the Women's International Federation of Arts and Handicrafts Exposition in New York next November.**
6. **All garments must have a sewn-in label, giving the maker's name, address and age.**
7. **All designs will become the property of the American Thread Company.**
8. **If entrants wish their work returned, a stamped, self-addressed envelope large enough to hold the entry should be enclosed.**

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8. Photographed entries will be judged on the basis of the entry itself and NOT on the quality of the photograph.
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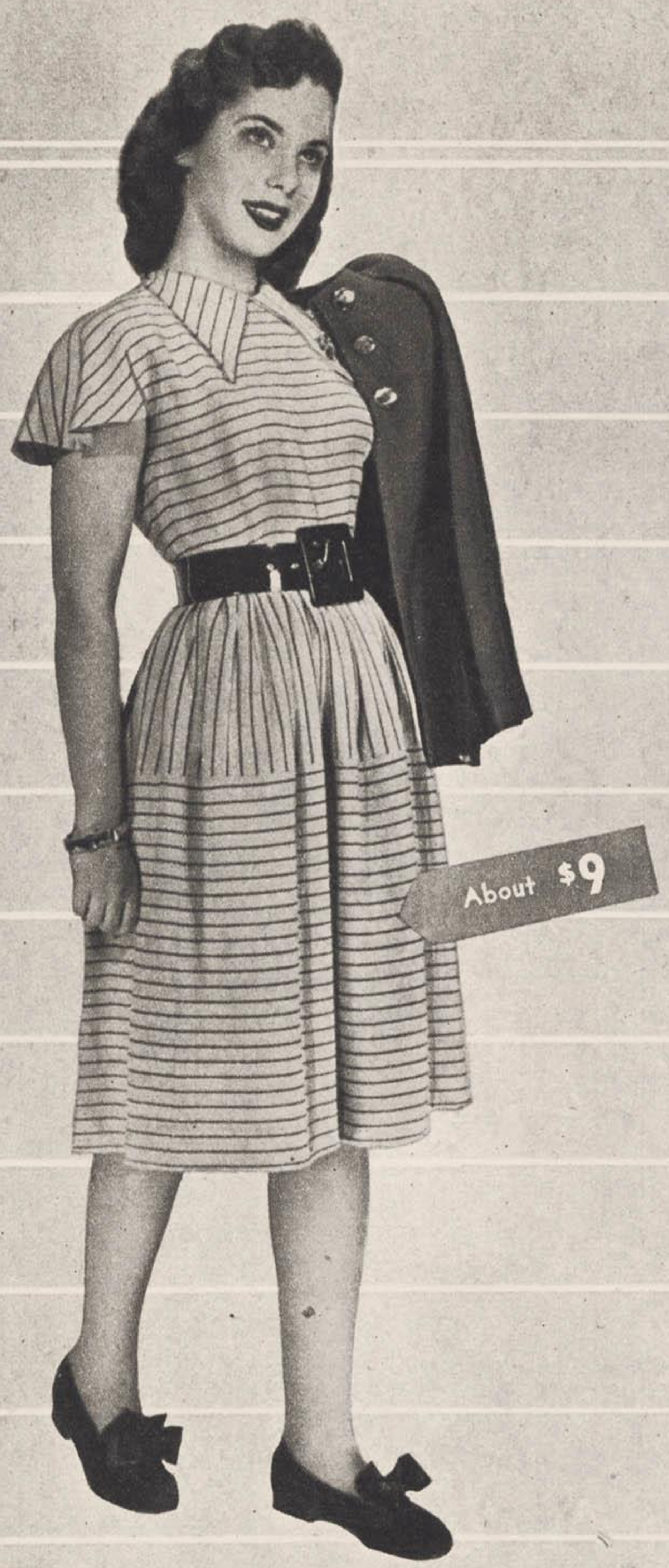
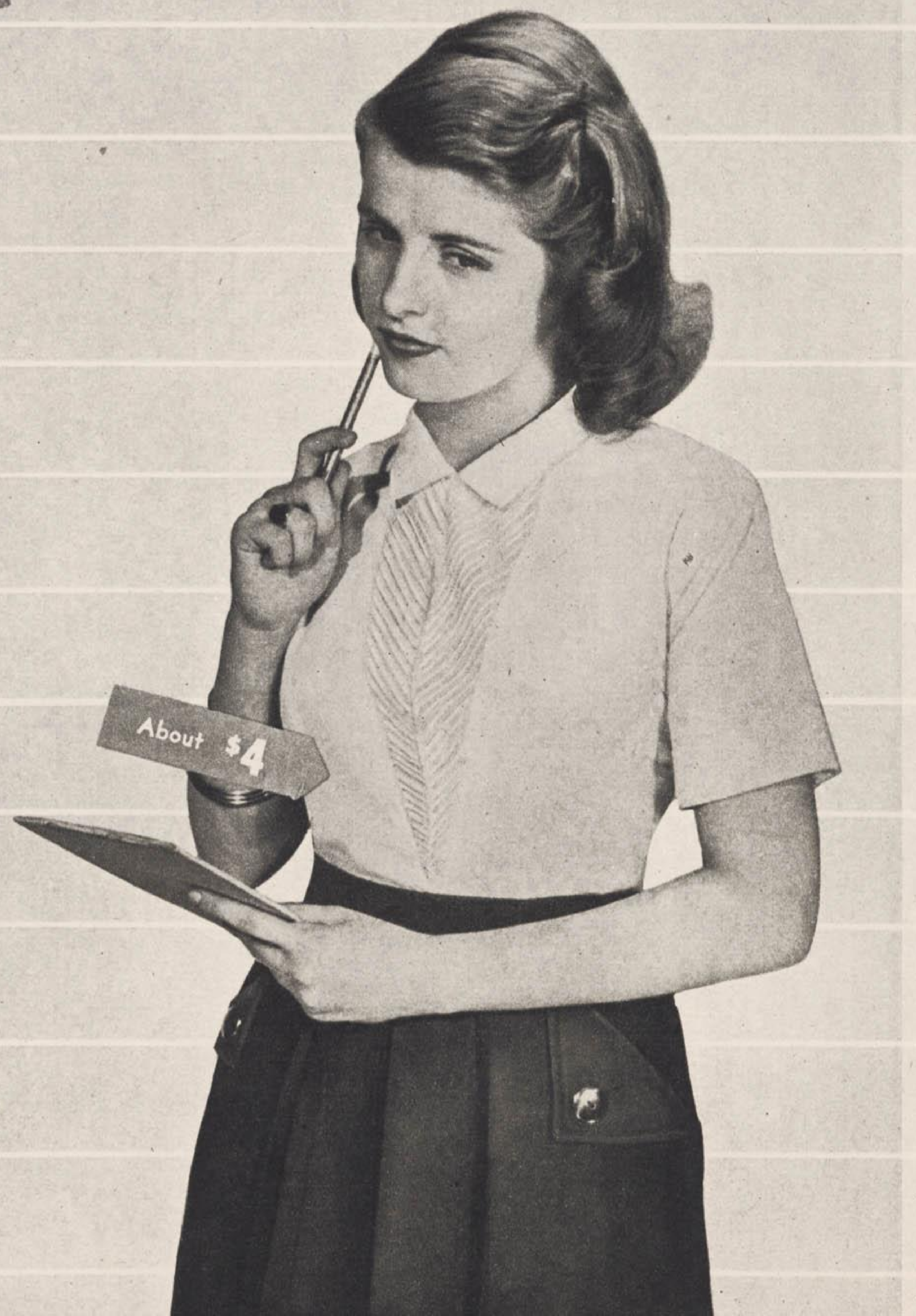
TO A QUEEN'S TASTE; FOR A TEEN'S ALLOWANCE



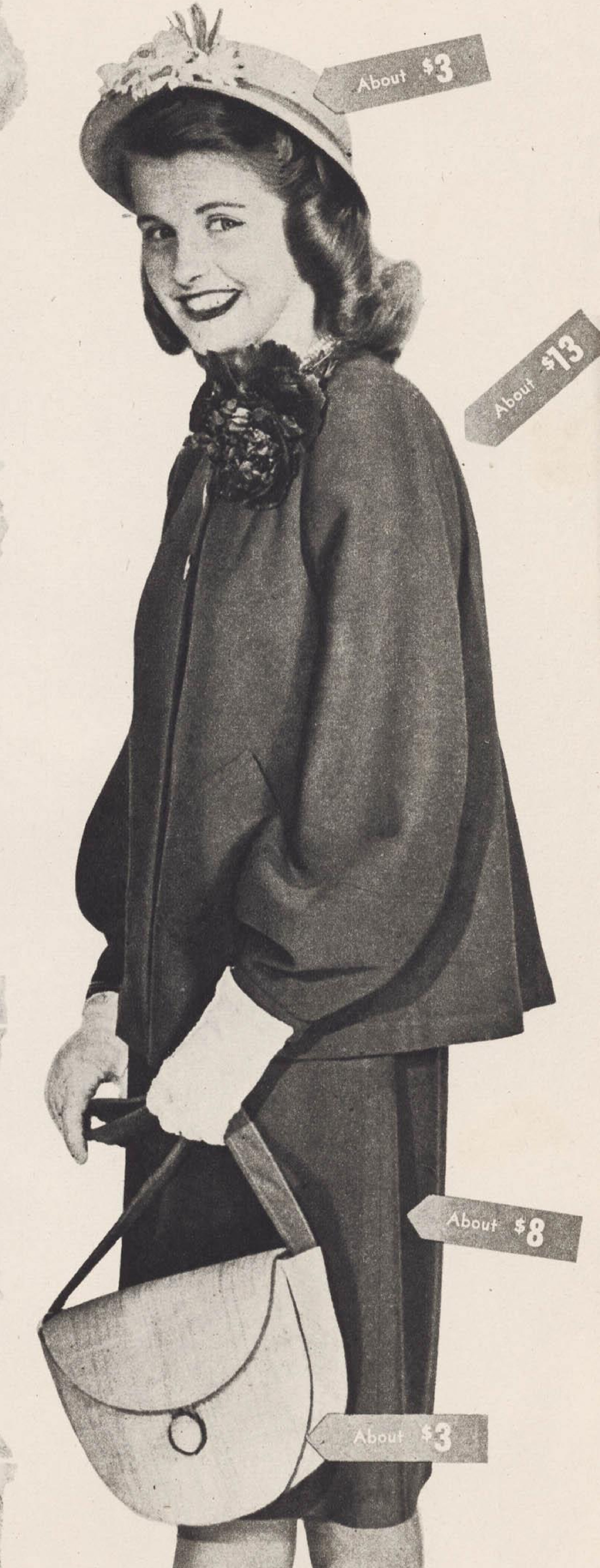
Spun rayon striped round-the-clocker, patent belt. By Teentimers. E. W. Edwards, Rochester; The Hecht Co., Wash., D. C.; The Hub, Baltimore; Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo; Korrick's, Phoenix.



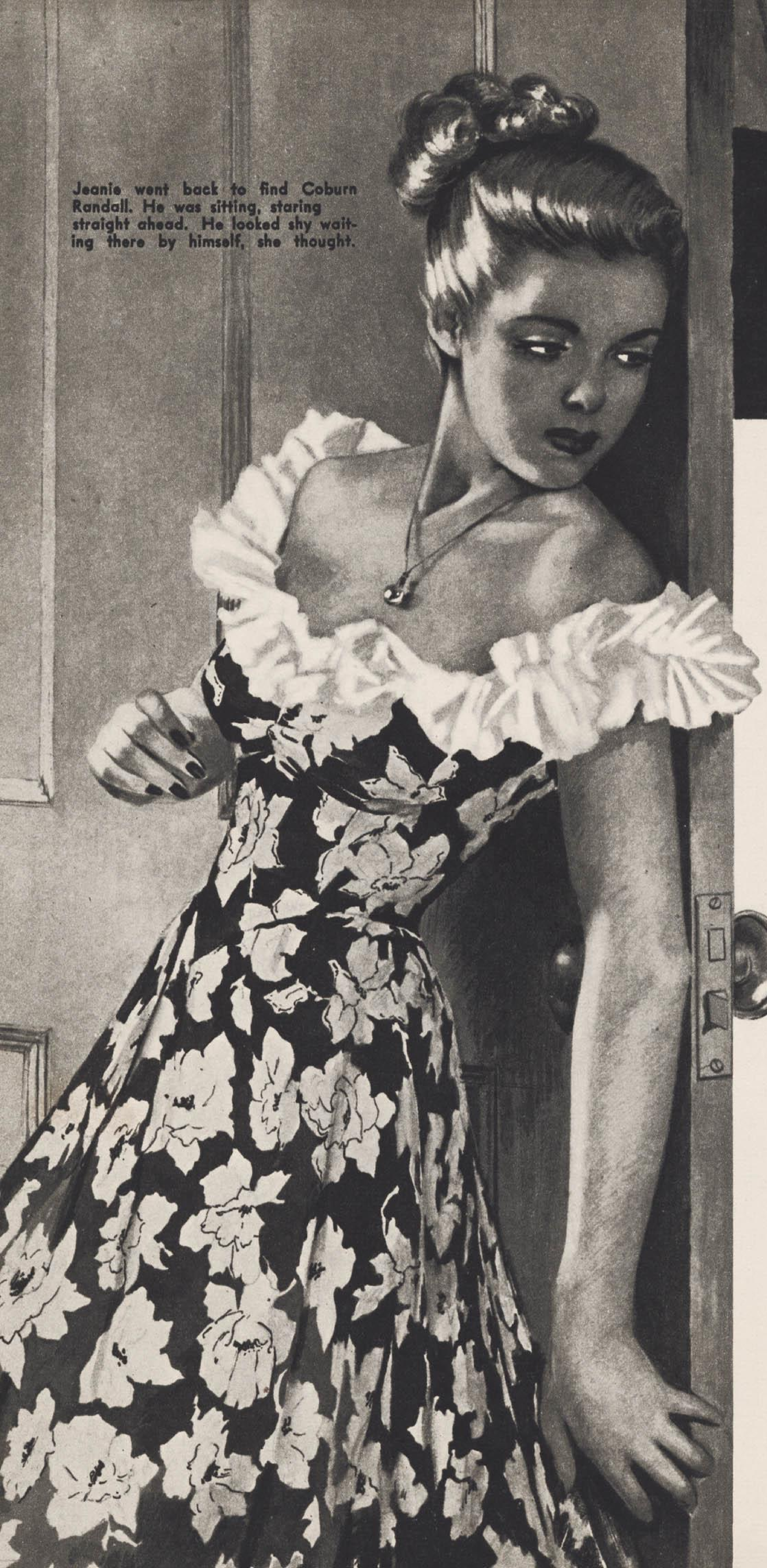
White rayon crepe spring blouse by Judy Kent. At Franklin Simon, N. Y.; May Co., Cleveland; M. O'Neil Co., Akron; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

UP and down The Avenue, people are strutting in their festive finery. Among them—enter Miss Teen-ager! But *how?* In a stunning, new Easter ensemble, of course! Again—but *how?* Easter is such a splashy, extravagant time, and yours is such an un-splashy, un-extravagant budget. Well, what's to do about it? This:

First, smile a while. Pouts are not being worn this season; and don't forget you've an added advantage, in just being third-person, feminine gender. For women have managed to look *special* come Easter, ever since Eve decided on a new fig-leaf bonnet to do it! So, now that you've taken heart, take heed: Sit down and *plan* your clothes allowance, cutting out nice-but-not-necessary items; build your wardrobe so that you can mix and match and supplement what you have with what you are *going* to have! Choose your bare essentials in a color to heighten your own. Demand good fit and good fabric. Select your accessories to complement this pretty and practical ensemble. Finally, manage to stay within the limits of your budget, so you can live happily ever after in that new outfit—and you will! The Spring wardrobe pictured on these pages is a complete Mix-Master and all for $40. No secret formulas, just plain budgeting sense.



Kelly wool match-mates buttoned down with shiny silver. Push-up sleeve "sugar coat" wears well with your other skirts, school and date dresses, too. By Boston Juvenile Sportswear. Jordan Marsh Co., Boston. For final fillip, Harry Weiss' Madagascar straw hat and bag ensemble.



Jeanie went back to find Coburn Randall. He was sitting, staring straight ahead. He looked shy waiting there by himself, she thought.

Living like a butterfly in a cocoon, Jeanie had to be tricked out of her girly, girly dug-out to find boys are people too . . . Linda's bathtub brainstorm worked the miracle . . . in this tender tale of friendship

by maxine shore

HAG *Dance*

JEANIE PARISH swallowed painfully, clutched her books tightly, and turned up the walk which led to the imposing brick high school.

This morning, as usual, the wide front steps overflowed with Carlton students. She was near enough now so she could hear the quick bright snatches of conversation, deep boys' voices mingling with the easy laughter of girls.

Fastening wide hazel eyes on her goal, the double doors, Jeanie began to climb. She was halfway up the steps when someone called to her. Jeanie's light brown head swung toward the voice. She curved her lips in a hasty smile.

"H-hello, Linda," she said.

But she didn't stop. She didn't move over to join the gay crowd of which Linda Saunders was one. She just couldn't.

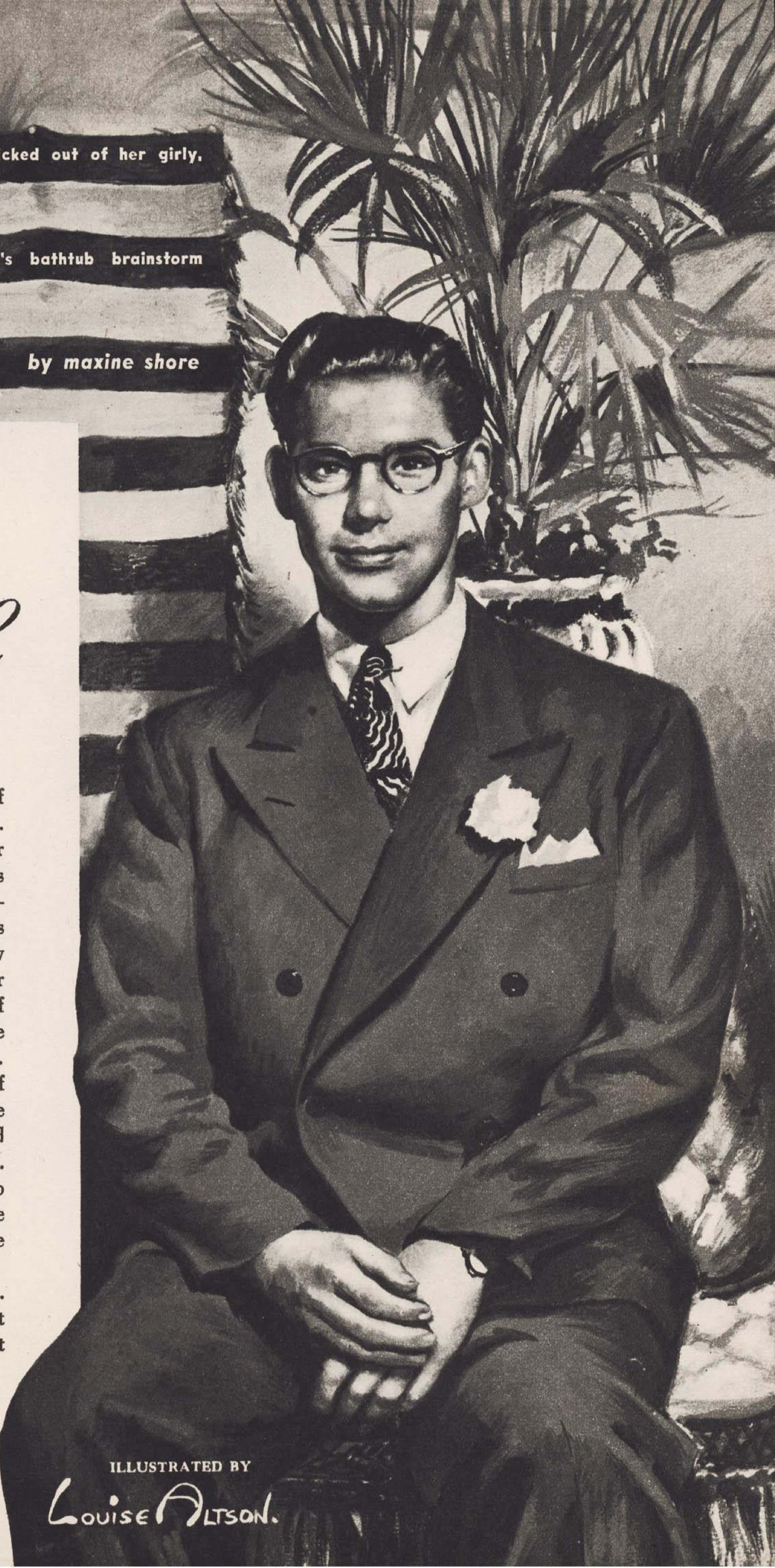
Almost through the door, almost safe inside, when one of the boys gave a long, low whistle.

Jeanie's face stiffened. Her palms began to perspire. Was he whistling at her—why? Did—did her slip show, maybe? Was something wrong with her new hair-do? Without pausing or looking around, she flung herself across the entrance, through the doors into the cool, dim corridor.

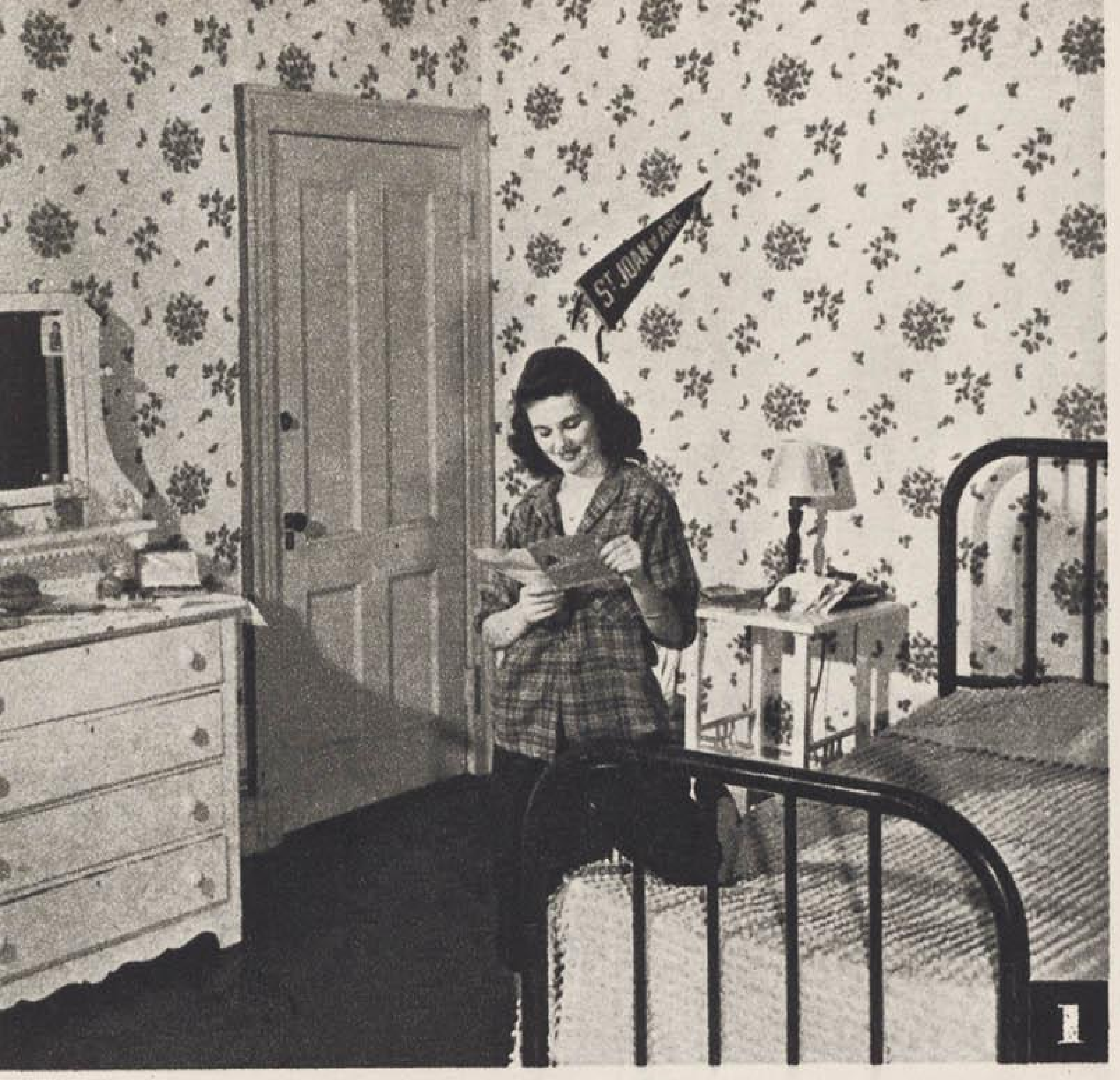
It was better inside. Some of the tightness went out of her. The ordeal of going up those crowded steps was over for another day. On the way to the girls' room to check up on her hair and slip, she glanced indifferently toward the note board.

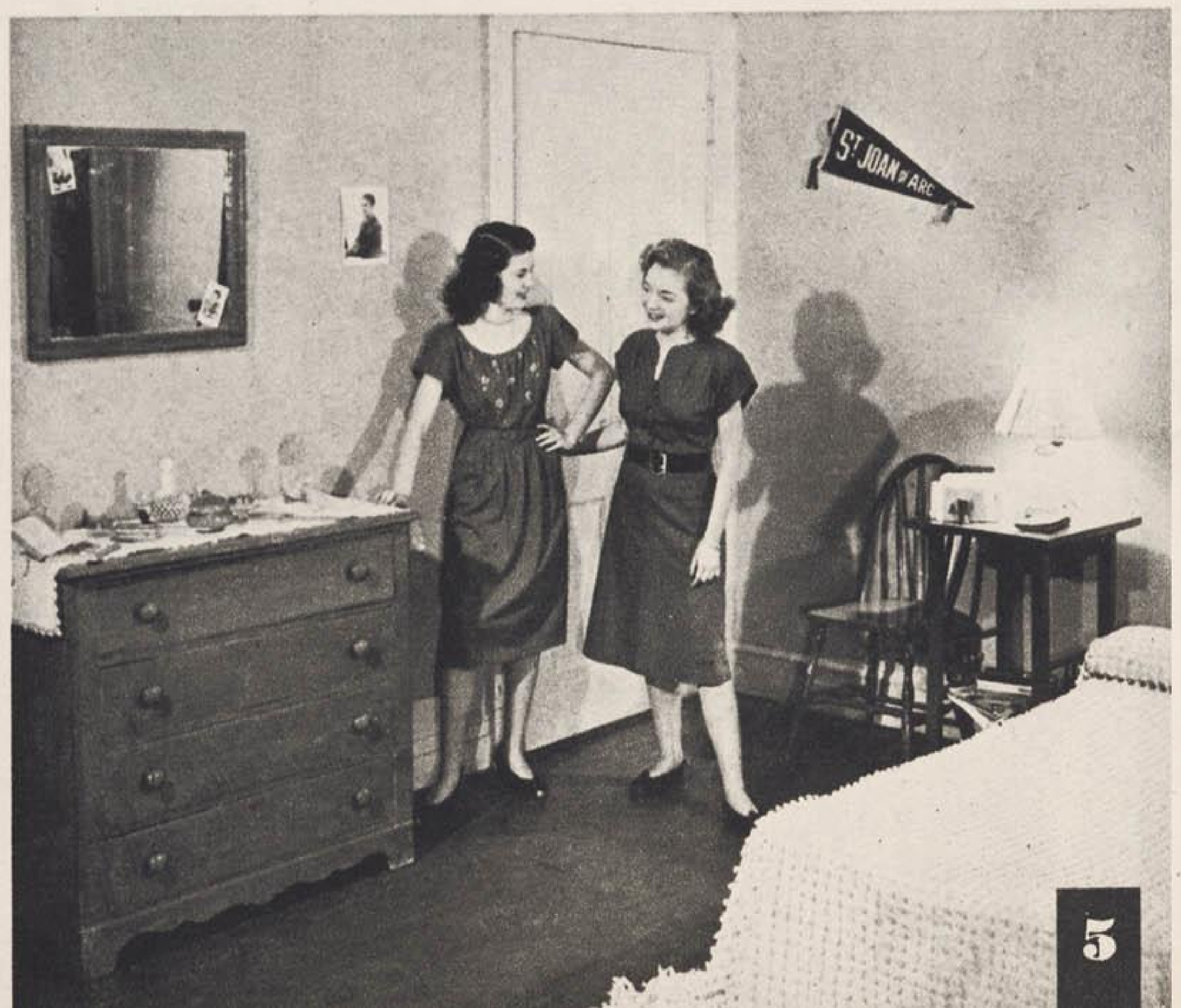
Something for her. An envelope. Faintly curious, Jeanie took it down, opened it. She read it through, gasped—went hot, then cold. The handwriting jitterbugged, didn't make

(*Continued on page 60*)



ILLUSTRATED BY
Louise Altson.





MADE OVER *Magic*

Color does it—spirit-lifting color! That's the happy prescription for your drab, discouraged, hand-me-down bedroom . . .

by Phyllis Avery

1 **Sally's bedroom was furnished with odds and ends that nobody wanted. But, for less than $5, she gave it personality in a real "Cinderella story."**

2 **Lukewarm water and a lush-colored wall finish were Sally's magic formula. She chose aquamarine Kem-Tone, stirred to liquid smoothness.**

3 **No "abracadabra"—but it's definitely wonderful the way the paper is hidden by one application of the Kem-Tone finish. Easy, reports Sally.**

4 **A cardboard shield prevents woodwork smearing; aids in gaining that professional effect. Newspapers protect floor and furniture as well.**

5 **Same room, same day! But what a difference! Walls and furniture look new, bed is streamlined, *and* there's no heavy paint odor either.**

HAVE you been looking at that room of yours lately and wondering just what you could do to make it the dream place you wish it were? We've had so many girls asking for advice on redecorating their rooms, so you are not alone.

The real problem seems to be money and manpower. Most girls said that they can't afford much money, and also they found that their fathers and big brothers aren't any help to them along these lines. The chance of getting said fathers to spend some money for painters is out just at this time.

Well, we finally have what we believe is the answer to the whole problem. In fact, we've discovered that for the price of a new blouse (or of sitting with a few of the neighbors' kids) you can refinish your room the way you want. The manpower problem is solved easily enough by you!

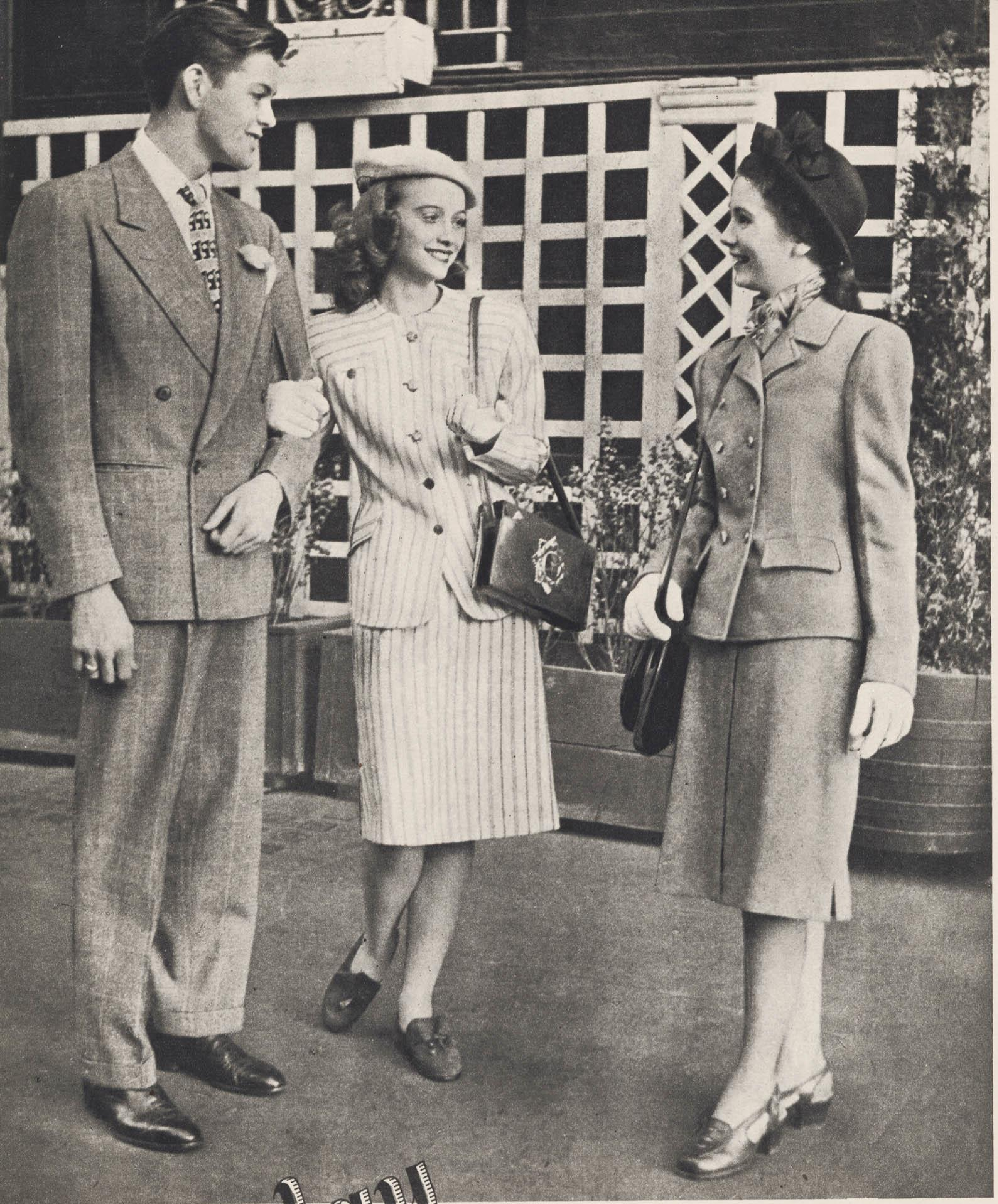
Now don't get scared. We'll back up what we say. In fact, just to prove that any Miss America can do her own room, we went out and asked one of our pals to try it out on her not-too-fancy den. Her problem was just about the average one. Wall paper with a design that looked as though Grandma had selected it; not much color; furniture rather drab and dingy. She had a metal bed which was handed down from her big sister (now married). In general, she wanted to do something new and exciting about the room.

The trick we tipped Sally off on was the paint. Using regular paint is expensive in a way, and requires technique. But the new water paints (they aren't really water at all but come in paste form to which is added water) are really super. We bought her some Kem-Tone—one of the best known of the emulsions—and away she went! The pictures here show some before-and-after scenes with our gal, Sally, doing all the work. And you'll have to admit that for $4.10 (that's all it cost, believe it or not!) there's enough of a miracle change in her room to make you want to do the same.

Here's how it's done. First of all you have to do some thinking

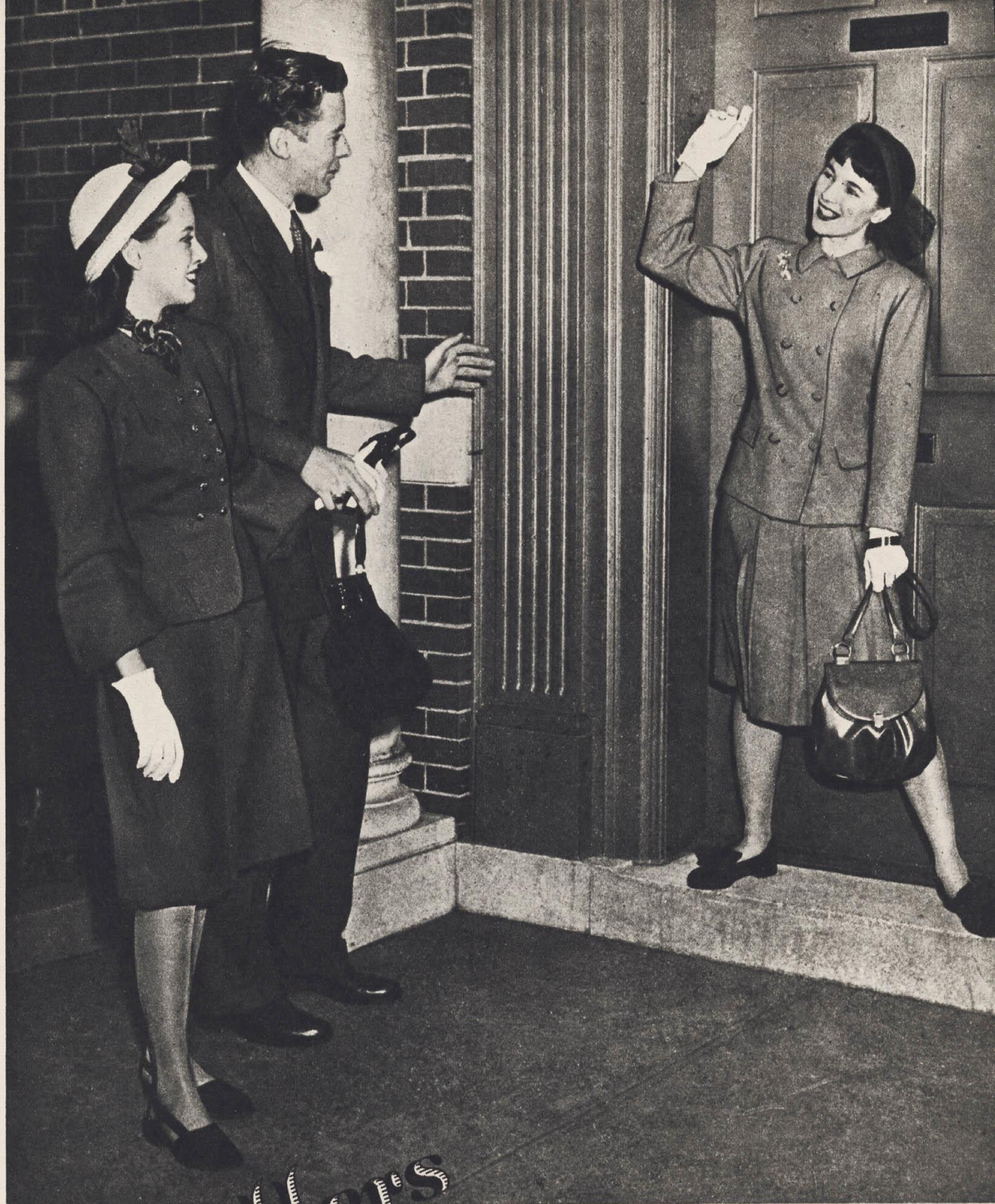
(*Continued on page 62*)

Sunday Strollers



TREND STUDIOS

Sport a striped city-to-country cardigan suit, all wool, with shiny gold buttons. By Candy Perkins, about $18. John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland; Rich's, Atlanta. Harry Weiss Beret. Sniff that balm in Bambury-Hi's modern version of classic men's wear gray flannel. About $29. McCreery's, N. Y.; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Young-Quinlan Co., Minneapolis. Greenberg-Fisch bowler. Sandler shoes.



BELT-MODES BAGS, D. LISNER JEWELRY

Go calling with your beau in Waldman & Co.'s balloon-sleeved Kitten's Ear Tweed suit (it's on the front cover, too). Rippling peplum whittles waistlines. About $30. Stores listed on page 58. Rarin' to go in Dubrowsky & Joseph's wool casual, sporting a stitched collar. Sized for "chubbies" too. About $29. Arnold Constable, N. Y.; Mandel Bros., Chicago; Joseph Magnin Co., San Francisco. Greenberg-Fisch felt hat.

A RIGHT TO DREAM

From page 19

shouted. "Carter takes up the cudgels in defense of youth and beauty."

"You know," Tucky said thoughtfully, "it isn't *easy* to work up a good healthy dislike for anyone in six weeks. As a rule you give someone the benefit of the doubt until you actually see him kick the dog, or snatch your brother's lollipop, but in Velma's case I make an exception."

"Seconded," Angie Breen yelled.

"All in favor?" Tucky asked.

There was a chorus of *ayes* and Del shouted "Carried."

Lanny made a disgusted sound and turned back to his desk.

Karen grinned over her Profile Of The Week. Lanny Carter would naturally be the one to defend that silly, affected Velma Green. Lanny was always a great one for the underdog. Karen had grown up next door to him and knew him better, probably, than anyone else in the world outside his mother. As a grubby little toddler, he had always been lugging home stray cats to feed, and as an adolescent he had always watched out for the timid boys on the street. He was, she assumed, just a nice, chivalrous guy. But in Velma Green's case, he was outright silly.

Velma had come to Heathton High from North Hollywood in the heart of the movie city, and her conversation consisted solely of long anecdotes about what the big stars had said to her and what she replied. It was generally conceded among the staff members of the Hilltopper that Velma was a gas expert and a tall, bony and awkward one, at that.

Karen was almost finished, when Velma burst into the office.

"Oh dear, is every machine taken?"

There was a burst of furious typing in the way of answer.

Lanny pushed back his chair. "Here, Velma, I'm through. How was the picture?"

Velma sighed rhapsodically. "Wonderful! But then Lana's always wonderful. And she's really so sweet and natural. She used to come over afternoons and honestly the way she talked you'd never think she was, well, Lana Turner. She just talked like she was anybody."

Tucky snorted. "She moved her lips just like you and me?"

Velma lifted her jutting chin. "I'm going to give her a rave notice."

Angie smiled widely. "I bet she'll be *thrilled*. After all, it isn't everybody who can get a rave in the Heathton High paper."

But Velma was already bent over the keyboard, her glasses sliding down her nose, her large teeth worrying her lower lip.

They walked home together after school, Karen and Lanny, and the sound of their footfalls was loud on the quiet, tree-shaded street. "Cat got your tongue?" she asked.

"Maybe I'm a little tired of foolish conversation."

"You seemed breathlessly interested in Lana Turner's deathless remarks," Karen pointed out.

"At least they weren't mean. And they didn't hurt any feelings."

"Lanny, you're so silly. That girl is lying in her teeth. A half-witted goon-child would know it."

"Got any proof?"

"I don't need any proof," she wailed. "Velma and Bette Davis. Velma and Van Johnson. Velma and Humphrey Bogart. Why I'll bet Cecil B. DeMille doesn't know as many actors as Velma Green."

"Maybe you're just jealous."

Karen choked. "Why Lanny Carter! If that's what you think, you can just . . . well, you can take your old Velma Green to the football game Saturday."

Pausing before Karen's gate, Lanny shrugged. "Sure you don't want to go?"

"Not with you," she returned.

He turned away with an infuriating lack of concern. With mounting rage, Karen watched his retreating back. "And that goes double for Saturday night's dance," she called after him. The gate slammed behind her with a solidly angry finality.

"What goes?" Tucky Adams asked, next day. "I feel like I've come in on the middle of the picture. From where I sit it looks like Velma Green stole your man."

"She didn't exactly steal him," Karen said with dignity. "I gave him to her. With my blessing."

"Now look," Tucky protested. "Lanny isn't a lipstick or coin bracelet you can hand around."

"I did though," Karen said. "After all, he's known me all his life. And if he prefers to take that awful Velma's word for things over mine, well, he's welcome to. And Velma along with it."

"You wouldn't," Tucky suggested delicately, "care to explain?"

Karen not only would but did, in terse, angry syllables.

Tucky whistled. "What's the matter with that guy? To prefer an animated scarecrow, the most unpopular girl in school, to you . . . it just doesn't make sense."

"I wish she'd never come to Heathton," Karen burst out. "I wish she'd stayed in Hollywood with her darned old movie stars."

"Movie stars," Tucky repeated thoughtfully. "You know, I think we can fix Velma's wagon. All we have to do is prove what a liar she is, and that will be that."

"It's an expensive trip cross-country," Karen pointed out.

"That's it. We don't have to go outside Heathton. Do you know who'll be at The Palace soon?"

Karen shook her head.

"Jane Crowell! The same *sweet, dear little Janie* who helped Velma with her algebra problems in Hollywood. And since you do the Profiles for the Hilltopper, it will be your job to interview her."

Karen's eyes widened. "I begin to see. But Velma would have to be there too. *And* Lanny."

"Just leave the sordid details to me," Tucky said, grinning.

The tall, slender, dark-haired woman motioned to Karen. "Miss Crowell will see you now."

Karen stood up. "Thank you."

She entered the room with more trepidation than she generally felt during celebrity interviews.

"I'm with the Hilltopper, the Heathton High School paper," Karen explained, "and I know the kids would love to know more about you. You know, stuff like where you were born and how you became a star."

"Well, let me see," Jane said, thoughtfully. She talked rapidly for about five minutes while Karen made notes. "Will that do it, do you think?"

"That's wonderful. Thanks a million." Karen hesitated. "There's one thing more. Do you know a girl named Velma Green?"

There was something she had

not considered before. What would she do if Jane Crowell actually knew Velma? She held her breath without being aware of it.

Jane Crowell frowned. "N-no. I don't think so. Should I?"

Karen's breath escaped in a sigh. "No. That is, I just wondered. She's from Hollywood too, and I thought maybe . . . ."

Karen felt a small surge of triumph. She was right about Velma then, and had been all along. And most important of all, she was in a position to prove it to Lanny Carter. Tucky had tipped off the Hilltopper staff, who were lined up solidly in the hall outside the dressing room, joyously awaiting the debacle.

It was going to be a complete exoneration for Karen. Lanny had taken an absurd stand, and in just a few minutes he was going to be forced to admit how ridiculous he had been. And as for Velma . . . foolish, bragging Velma. . . .

With a sickening feeling, Karen realized that she wasn't going to be able to go through with the plan. Velma Green was, Karen saw suddenly, a pathetic figure. In a moment of blinding clarity, Karen recognized her boasting for what it was, a desperate effort to seem interesting, to prove that there were people who liked her too. She might be a supremely irritating girl, an unmitigated bore and a story-teller, but she was a human being, too, and she had a right to dream.

But more than that, Velma had Lanny Carter now, and Karen wasn't able to do a thing about it.

A tear spilled over and traced its way down Karen's cheek.

"Why, my dear," she heard Jane Crowell say, "what is the matter?"

Jane's solicitude was too much. "I'm so awful," she heard herself cry. And then, before she realized it, she had sobbed out the whole story. "I didn't realize how mean it would be," she concluded sorrowfully. "Velma will be laughed out of school. I'm so miserable I wish I'd never been born."

Jane Crowell patted her shoulder. "But just suppose I pretend this girl and I are old friends?"

Karen looked up unbelievingly. "You wouldn't, would you?"

"Powder your nose, honey, before I open the door."

And then, when they emerged into the hall and into the arms of the waiting staff, Jane Crowell swooped on Velma with a glad little cry. "Darling, I only just learned that you were outside. But how *marvelous* to see you again."

Karen walked home slowly through the gathering dusk. She felt empty of all emotion. Velma would be happy now. She would enjoy real prestige, probably for the first time in her life.

Suddenly Karen heard footsteps behind her, hoped it was nobody she knew. Tremulously she raised her eyes. It was Lanny.

"Nice going," he said.

He was going to gloat then. It was more than Karen could bear. "All right," she said stiffly. "I was mistaken. Your Velma *does* know all those people."

He grinned crookedly at her and they continued to walk in silence.

"Well what do you want?" Karen howled. "I was wrong. I admit it. Now go away."

"You know," he reflected, still grinning at her. "You're really not a bad kid. You've got a heart and a conscience and . . ." he tilted her face up, "a shiny nose. But you look beautiful right now."

"H-how did you know?" Karen gasped.

"Oh that," he said. "I knew she was fibbing all along. But I felt sorry for her. She admitted to me that she never knew any of those people, going to the theater tonight." He paused. "Angie's taking her to the game Saturday."

"That's swell," Karen said, and was surprised to find she meant it.

"Anyone taking you?"

"Not yet," she said.

"He is now," he told her.

CONTEST RULES
for Nucoa's "MAKE 'EM—NAME 'EM" COOKIE CONTEST

Read carefully . . . Don't pull any boners that might hurt your chance to win!

1. Any teen-age reader of MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE is eligible to enter this contest.
2. Use Official Entry Blank herewith. In the proper spaces PRINT (a) your directions for cutting, flavoring, or decorating your cookies (b) your name for your cookies (c) your own name, age and address.
3. Attach the end flap from a NUCOA box to your entry blank and mail to COOKIE CONTEST EDITOR, c/o Mrs. Katherine Straube, 20-40 121st Street, College Point, N. Y.
   (Note: *DON'T* send actual cookies. Send only the filled-in entry blank and Nucoa box-end.)
4. *You may send in as many entries as you want, but be sure to put each one on a separate entry blank and attach a Nucoa box-end.*
   (Note: Write to Cookie Contest Editor, MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. for additional entry blanks if you need them.)
5. Mail entries not later than June 30, 1947. No entries postmarked later than midnight, Monday, June 30, 1947 can be considered.
6. Prizes will be awarded for the cutest, most appropriate cookie names. Entries will be judged by a competent jury. Opinion of the judges shall be final. All entries become the sole property of The Best Foods, Inc.
7. Prizes will be awarded not later than Oct. 31, 1947. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

USE THIS OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK
for Nucoa's "MAKE 'EM—NAME 'EM" COOKIE CONTEST

Fill in the information . . . attach an end flap from a box of Nucoa . . . mail to Cookie Contest Editor, c/o Mrs. Katherine Straube, 20-40 121st Street, College Point, N. Y., before midnight Monday, June 30, 1947.

A—Description of Cookies (*Please print*)

1. I cut my Nucoa cookies in the following shape..............................
2. I flavored my Nucoa cookies with ....
3. I decorated my Nucoa cookies with ....

....

....

B—Name for cookies (*Please print*)

I named my Nucoa cookies ....

because ....

....

....

C—Contestant's name and address (*Please print*)

My name is..............................My age is..........

My address is (Street) ....

(City) ....(Zone No.) ....

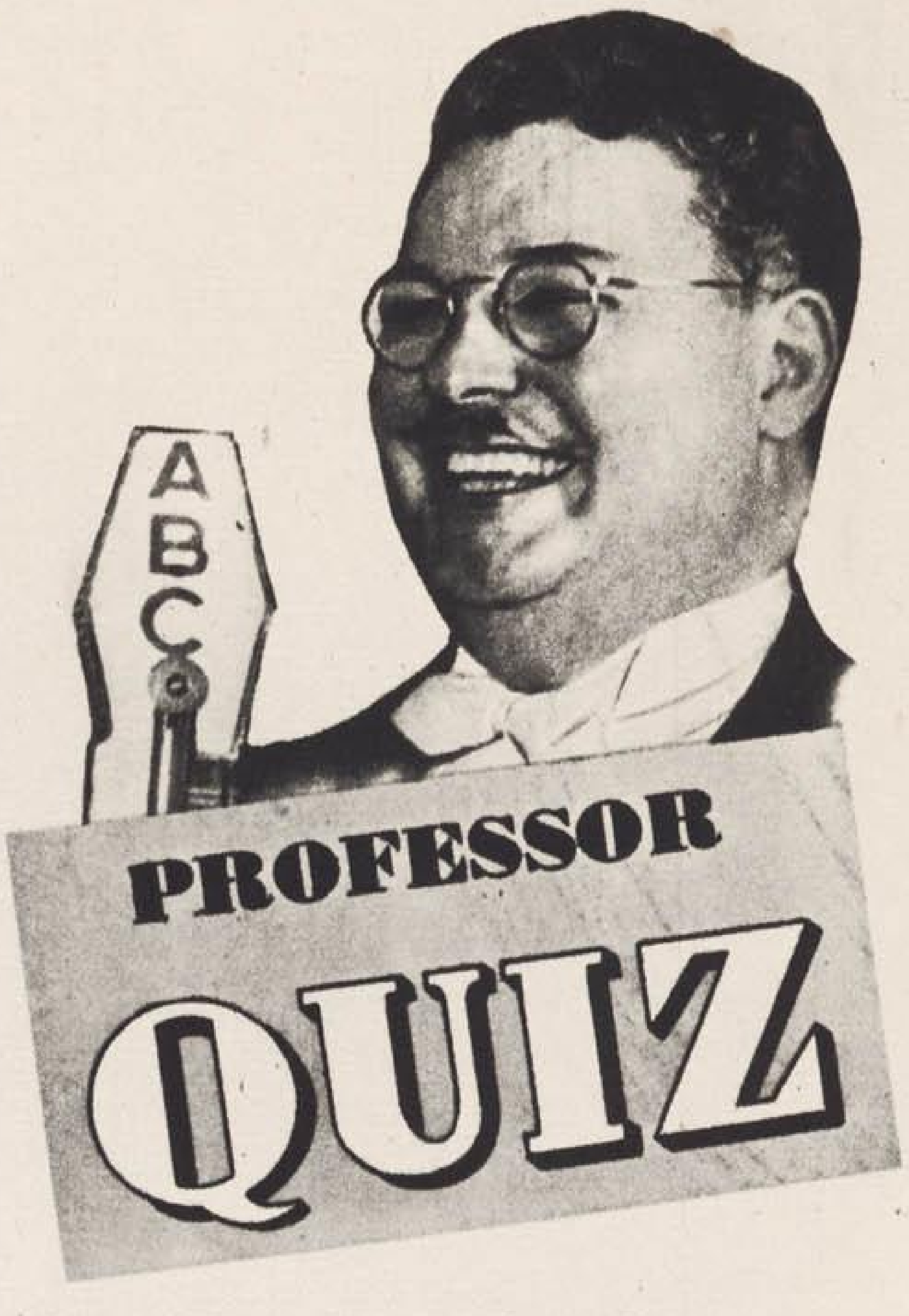
(State) ....

Dinner Date
by Coro
Coro TEENS
A charm chatelaine, sparkling and swinging with the cutest miniatures you ever saw. Enameled in bright colors. *About $2.00 plus federal tax.*

CORO INC., NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • MIAMI • TORONTO • LONDON

TeenTown's
"Male-Bag"
PYRAMID
TeenTown
ON THE BEAM FOR TEENS
The postman will ring twice and then some, with all the "male" notes that come for the girl who wears this ter-rific new TeenTown shoulder strap bag. In wonderful washable, wearable, scuff-proof plastic calf, with a shiny lift-lock on which to engrave your initials. Red, Navy, Brown, Russet, Kelly, or White. About $3.

For nearest store, write, stating county, to: PYRAMID, 27 W. 33rd ST., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



"the one, the only, the original" PROFESSOR QUIZ, ABC Network Star.

1. *What famous picture is connected with Holy Week?*
2. *How many people are shown; who's the artist?*
3. *In France the person who's fooled on April 1, is: an April Fool, Cabbage Head, April Fish?*
4. *Why does the South commemorate April 26th?*
5. *Why do we wear new clothes on Easter?*
6. *Why do we eat hot cross buns on Good Friday?*
7. *What took place on Holy Thursday?*
8. *Who was with Jesus at the Holy Supper?*
9. *What determines what day is to be Easter?*

1. The Last Supper.
2. Thirteen; Leonardo da Vinci.
3. An April Fish.
4. In honor of the Confederate dead (called "Memorial Day").
5. It is believed that it insures good luck in love, for the year.
6. Based on the old belief that if a person did not eat hot cross buns on Good Friday his house would burn down.
7. Christ's institution of the Holy Supper.
8. The Twelve Apostles.
9. The Sunday after the full moon on or next after March 21.

Hello girls,

SEEMS like too long a time has elapsed since we got together and exchanged ideas on your magazine. The very fact that MA is "gobbled up" as soon as it hits the newsstands is enough to warm the cockles of my heart, but I've got a "spring cleaning" bug in my bonnet and a yen to dress your publication in fancy plumes. That's where *you* come in. How about a little editorial cooperation, huh! Let's find out what you like or (horrors!) what you don't like in MISS AMERICA. Write and tell us your personal "pro's" or "con's"—so we can do something about them.

Starting with fiction . . . Weren't you thrilled to see author Michele Small back in the magazine? And don't you think it will be fun to look forward to more of her rib-tickling yarns? How's about mystery? Romantic adventure thrillers? Do you want more of this type? Also, I've been thinking about serials. But I'd like *your* thinking on this angle, too. Personally, I'm a serial fiend, but at times get a little impatient waiting for the next issue and, as a result, always vow never to touch a "cliff-hanger" which, of course, always has too much appeal for me to resist.

And now fashions . . . what subject (aside from boys, dates, movies, popularity, etc.) is closer to a girl's heart! Clothes, and the items listed in parenthesis go hand-in-hand. When we are not well-dressed, we suffer a certain social stigma, and let's not overlook that fact. Good-grooming, I can never overstress, is the key to confidence, poise and success. Our fashion editor is constantly on the lookout for outfits made especially to suit your personality—and pocketbooks. She consults with the designers, manufacturers, fabric folk to consider your needs as far as figure-type, individual tastes and also group styles go; never losing sight of the fact, that although you are part of a large and vital age bracket, you are nonetheless *you!*

How many of you would like to see more pages devoted to fashions? And beauty? And self-improvement?

And—ahem!—boys? Parents? Careers?

Let me know the items you'd like stressed in your magazine and we'll get to work getting more of them to you.

And say, do write before you sit down to concentrate on those exciting contests featured on pages 42-45. There's nothing it seems to me, more stimulating than competition—and here's your chance. May the best gals win!

Next month there's a terrific opportunity to win gigantic cash prizes. Monsanto Chemical Company is playing Santa Claus to those who show a flair for designing. So don't miss May MISS AMERICA for further details!

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman

In 36 Minutes—*wing your way to*

New Hair Loveliness
GLOVER'S Imperial SARCOPTIC MANGE MEDICINE
GLO-VER
GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
PAA

Romayne Cahoon—charming Pan American World Airways stewardess, has made many transoceanic flights. Active young business woman she says, "I always use Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—it gives my hair such lovely highlights!"

YES, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Swift-moving American women today want to appear at their best *on time*, for business or social engagements—and Glover's Mange Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour—these are yours with Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress at your favorite Drug Store—or mail Coupon today for *free* trial application of all three in Sampler Package!

Miss Cahoon, in her Pan American World Airways uniform, is always well groomed—thanks to Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for the scalp and hair.

FREE TRIAL APPLICATION

One complete application of each product in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in special Sampler Package *not sold in stores!* Mail Coupon for *free* Sampler Package today.

Glover's

The Complete Medicinal Treatment

Glover's, Dept. 234
101 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.

Send *free* Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with *free* booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name..
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)
Address..
City........................Zone.....State.......

Take it from
THE BOYS

Chuck. A dark hunk of muscle with a slow motion grin, a honey and molasses drawl. Plays guard on his school basketball team, makes a trumpet moan sweet and low, plays no favorites among the girls . . . yet!

Jeepers, says Chuck, I run with the pack. I like to date the Eye Tonics. You can spread the word that a little fancy frosting never hurt a cake. And take it from me, it's strictly a dumb play for a girl to skip her glamour homework. Those now-and-theners don't rate with me ...I'm for the filly with an even pace.

Like Chuck says, no sour notes in the how-to-keep-'em dreaming dep't. Seeing as how nothing puts the skids on glamour faster than ugly perspiration stains or odor, don't risk being *half*-safe . . . be ARRID SAFE. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely, yet so safely. If you want a ditto on your dates, use ARRID to be *sure*. Stay sweet-to-be-near-to. That's sweet advice.

Only ARRID
Gives You This Unequalled
3-Way Protection

1. Arrid really protects you from offending others. No other deodorant, only Arrid, stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely.
2. Arrid really protects your clothes. Stops perspiration, so prevents stains. Awarded American Institute of Laundering Seal "Harmless to Fabrics."
3. Arrid is really safe for your skin. Arrid is non-irritating, declare leading skin specialists. Used by many doctors and nurses. Antiseptic. Gentle.

39¢ plus tax. Also 10¢ and 59¢

Arrid is used by more men and women than any other deodorant.

New Improved **ARRID**

FOR GIRLS ONLY

from page 26

wonderful thing that could possibly happen to a person, but there'll come a day when you will treasure the fact that you are two years younger than your sister! In other words, there is always compensation for the seeming injustices of life. For the present, I really think fourteen *is* a little young to be out at night. As a substitute, why don't you invite your girl friends over on week-end evenings? When your mother meets them and sees you only want to have good old bull sessions or listen to records, she will probably understand why you want to go visiting, too. You might try talking the situation over with her and ask if you can't go out one night a week until eight o'clock. This seems a fair compromise to me, and it probably will to her as well. Luck, Jean.

Dear Jean: My trouble is with my best girl friend. We have been good friends ever since we started to school, but when my best boy and I had a mix-up, she went to him to help straighten things out. Sure enough, he came back. But lately he has given her just as much attention as he has me. What do you think about her? Nita.

Dear Nita: Your girl friend may be very fond of both you and your boy friend, and that may be all there is to it. In other words, it's possible that you may be using your imagination overtime. In case you are not, then you should make an effort to be more charming and attractive than ever be-

---

COVER SUIT AT FOLLOWING STORES:

Albany, N. Y.	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Albuquerque, N. M.	Rinkel's
Baltimore, Md.	The May Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Boise, Id.	The Mode
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Butler, Pa.	A. E. Troutman Co.
Cedarhurst, N. Y.	Sis-Teen Shop
Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Killian Co.
Chicago, Ill.	The Fair
Cincinnati, O.	Rollman & Sons Co.
Cleveland, O.	The May Co.
Columbus, O.	Morehouse-Martens Co.
Denver, Colo.	The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Ernest Kern Co.
El Paso, Tex.	The White House
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Herpolsheimer Co.
Green Bay, Wis.	H. C. Prange Co.
Greensburg, Pa.	A. E. Troutman Co.
Great Falls, Mont.	Strain Bros.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Indiana, Pa.	A. E. Troutman Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	H. P. Wasson & Co.
Jamestown, N. Y.	Abrahamson-Bigelow Co.
Johnstown, Pa.	Glosser Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer Co.
Lebanon, Pa.	L. Samler
Lincoln, Neb.	Gold & Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifer Bros.
Louisville, Ky.	Leo L. Baach
Malden, Mass.	F. N. Joslin Co.
Memphis, Tenn.	B. Lowenstein & Bros.

fore. If your boy friend is suddenly sizing up the two of you, then *you* be the one to come out on top. I wouldn't mention your feelings to either the girl or the boy. Just sit tight, make your boy friend feel superior and pretty terrific, and see what happens. And don't blame your girl friend if she should win out. Perhaps the boy is more to blame. Men can be changeable creatures, and since you and your girl friend have been friends for so long, it would be too bad to break up a friendship for a casual romance. After all, you'll probably have many, many boy friends before you settle down and marry. Real girl friends are hard to find.

Fondly, Jean.

And speaking of holding your man, boys love to watch girls fuss around a kitchen. Honestly! The way to a man's heart is still through his stomach, and learning how to cook is the most potent bachelor-bait since lipstick was discovered! For a late, sort of party-like snack, how about:

OPEN-FACE HOT CHEESE SANDWICHES DE LUXE

Toast bread in oven. Take out the toast and put thin slices of American cheese on each piece. Cut frankfurters round-wise and dot on the cheese. Mince little green onions and spread on top of this, salting the whole sandwich lightly. Put back in the oven under a medium flame until the cheese is melted. Pull out and serve piping hot, with cokes or hot chocolate.

Fondly, Jean.

Milwaukee, Wis.	Ed. Schuster & Co.
New Haven, Conn.	Edward Malley Co.
New York, N. Y.	Saks 34th St.
Newport, R. I.	Boston Store
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Paterson, N. J.	Quackenbush & Co.
Pawtucket, R. I.	N. Y. Lace
Philadelphia, Pa.	Blauner's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Frank & Seder
Providence, R. I.	Cherry & Webb
Racine, Wis.	Zahn Dry Goods Co.
Reading, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
St. Joseph, Mo.	Plymouth Clothing Co.
St Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	The Golden Rule
Salisbury, Md.	Benjamin's
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Schenectady, N. Y.	Carl Co.
Scranton, Pa.	The Heinz Store
Sheboygan, Wis.	H. C. Prange Co.
Sioux City, Ia.	T. S. Martin Co.
Stamford, Conn.	Frankel's
Steubenville, O.	The Hub
Sturgis Bay, Wis.	H. C. Prange Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Topeka, Kan.	Palace Clothing Co.
Trenton, N. J.	S. P. Dunham Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Vandever Dry Goods Co.
Uniontown, Pa.	N. Kaufman, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.
Waterbury, Conn.	Engelman's
Waterloo, Ia.	James Black D. G. Co.
Wichita, Kan.	Allen W. Hinkel Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Worcester, Mass.	John G. MacInnes Co.
Youngstown, Pa.	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
Zanesville, O.	H. Weber Sons & Co.

Are you in the know?

Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ *With a shiny nose*
- ☐ *Without benefit of bangles*
- ☐ *In a pastel dress*

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. For Kotex' special *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And that elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so smoothly; comfortably! Be the picture of poise, with Kotex!

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- ☐ *Her competition*
- ☐ *Boogie-Woogie*
- ☐ *The Three D's*

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks *will* tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands are always with us . . . working time-and-a-half on problem days, moreover! Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *there's a deodorant in Kotex*. It's locked inside each Kotex napkin. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness—next time.

Which would you use?

- ☐ *The guest towels*
- ☐ *The Turkish towels*
- ☐ *The end of your slip*

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has *lasting* softness. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And that exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you *extra* protection.

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

sense. Note paper trembling in her hand, Jeanie backed to the wall, leaned against it weakly.

"What's perking? Don't you feel well, kitten?"

Jeanie looked up dimly. It was Linda. "No," she said. "I mean, y-yes, that is, I did—"

"Bad news?"

"Y-yes. I mean, no. I mean, there must be some mistake. This c-can't be for m-me."

Linda snatched the note from Jeanie's hand, scanned it quickly.

"Why, you goon," she said cheerfully, "this is marvelous news! Coburn Randall accepts with pleasure your invitation to the hag dance Friday."

"B-but I d-didn't ask him!"

Linda looked at Jeanie. "You—didn't?"

"My goodness—of course not!"

"What's the matter, don't you like Coby?"

"That's not the point!" said Jeanie. "You know as well as I do that I wouldn't think of asking a boy to—to take me!"

"A hag dance," Linda observed, "is where a girl takes a boy. Ladies' choice. Wonderful institution, the hag dance."

"I don't care if it is!" said Jeanie desperately. "Coburn must have me mixed up with someone else. In a high school as big as Carlton it could easily happen."

"Nup," said Linda. "I mean," she went on quickly, "it hardly seems logical. Maybe—maybe he just decided that if you didn't ask him, he'd—he'd take the bull by the horns and invite himself, to break the ice, sort of. So—"

"Linda!" Jeanie stared at her, surmise darkening her eyes.

Linda hummed tonelessly, gazing dreamily at the statue of Venus de Milo in the alcove.

Jeanie choked. "Linda!"

"H'm? Yes?"

"You—didn't! You—wouldn't! Linda, you just couldn't do such a thing to me!"

"Couldn't I?"

Jeanie advanced upon her. "Linda Saunders, tell me—did you or did you not send a note to Coburn Randall asking him to the hag dance Friday night and did you or did you not sign my name to it? Linda, I want the truth!"

Linda backed off, then straightened her shoulders and said defiantly, "Well—uh—yes I did, if you must know. It seemed like a wonderful idea—you've got such a sad-sacky complex about boys. You're so afraid of them, it's abnormal. I—I want to help you!"

"Help me," said Jeanie bitterly.

"Yes, help you! I knew you'd never in the world get up enough gumption to ask a boy yourself—"

"That's right," said Jeanie grimly. "I'd never be so nervy—"

"There, you see!" said Linda triumphantly. "You sound like something out of the Gay Nineties. Oh, I don't blame you for being chicken, honey. It's really not your fault, what with having gone to a stuffy girls' school all your —uh—formative years, and now living with just your grandmother and unmarried aunt and all, while your father stays on overseas with the occupying forces. You're just underprivileged, that's all."

Jeanie stared at Linda numbly. A lump rose in her throat, remembering Rosemont School for Girls. Small, familiar, boyless. Not swarming with strange frightening males like Carlton. Jeanie drew a deep, ragged breath, faced facts. It wasn't merely that Carlton High was so huge—it was the presence of the males which made her life so uncomfortable.

"Look," Linda said, "buck up, Jeanie. Every girl has qualms about boys now and then—"

"Now and then, but not all the time!" wailed Jeanie. Tears trembled on her lashes. "Oh, Linda, how could you!"

"Hey! Jeepers, you'd have something to cry about if Coby had given you the brush-off—"

"I wish he had! Now he—he thinks I—I like him and—"

"Is that bad? My goodness, it's just that you haven't had enough boys around to practice on. Most of us have grown up with brothers, or boy cousins or, at least, boys next door. You're just a victim of circumstances!"

"I am now!"

"Look, Jeanie, didn't you ever have dances at Rosemont, or anything, where boys came and—"

"Yes," said Jeanie miserably, "but I—I didn't go to any. I—I didn't know anyone to invite—"

"You poor little thing," said Linda. "Haven't you ever even talked to a boy?"

"Just to say, 'Isn't it a nice day?' or—or 'Could I borrow your eraser?' I mean, they say such things to me sometimes. Naturally, I wouldn't think of—of starting a conversation myself—"

Linda pressed a hand to her forehead. "Jeepers! What you haven't got to learn!"

"But I don't want to learn, Linda. I'm perfectly happy."

"Poof!"

"Don't you dare poof me, Linda Saunders! After what you've done, you—you false friend, you! It's my life, I like it—"

"Oh, of course, if you want to go on living in a—a half world, without men, if you want to probably be an old maid—"

"Well, I do, so—so there!"

Linda shrugged. "Okay, so I made a mistake. So you write and tell him that you don't want him to go with you, after all."

Jeanie gulped. She thought of Coburn Randall, a plain, earnest-looking boy who wore glasses, with a good, firm chin, and nice, close-set ears. He sat near her in history, and once he'd stopped her in the hall when she was with Linda and asked her for the assignment, an incident which might have given Linda her idea.

Jeanie choked. "I—I couldn't do that, after—after he—"

"Well," said Linda, raising her eyebrows. Her lips were sober, but a faint smile warmed her blue eyes. "Coby Randall is perfect for a first date. Just right to practice on, because he's no smart-apple with girls, either. That's why I picked him—he's probably the least frightening male at Carlton. He has a hobby, you see, model planes, and that type is easiest to start on."

She drew a deep breath. "Okay! This once I'll—I'll do it. I'll go to the hag dance. But this is absolutely the last time you tamper with my life, Linda!"

Half a dozen times that Friday, getting ready, Jeanie sank weakly on the bed and moaned that she couldn't go through with it.

Oh, she looked all right. At Rosemont they'd at least learned good-grooming. She was grateful for that. Hair brushed satin-shiny, pale yellow dress with wide gray belt, gray shorty coat and gray shoes. Nice. But something was wrong with the pit of her stomach, and she felt sort of —dizzy. Rallying, she managed a smiling farewell to Gram and Aunt Lois, who were settling down contentedly with sewing and radio—forced herself to start.

She walked the few blocks to Coburn Randall's house like a martyr going to execution. Distorted familiar faces loomed and leered at her through the dusk, as she pictured all sorts of eery social catastrophes. Oh, this was awful, terrible!

But, somehow, when Coburn Randall opened the door, things didn't seem so bad. He looked different. Not handsome, maybe, but clean-scrubbed and kind of —shiny. His hair was brushed slick and he had on a suit instead of the slacks and sweater he usually wore to school.

"Hello," he said. "Come in, won't you?"

Jeanie managed a smile. "H-hello, yourself!" Then she remembered Linda's remarks about Coburn's planes—with the unforeseen result that they were late to the dance because she had to see his basement workshop.

Now, as they walked toward the lighted windows of Carlton High, silence fell between them—and sheer primitive terror clutched at Jeanie Parish.

Almost there! Soon now she'd have to start dancing—dancing with a boy, right in front of everyone! She'd never danced with a boy in her life, only with girls. And not only would she have to dance with Coby, but probably with other, even more terrifying boys who would talk the latest swing, and have a—a line which she wouldn't be able to hold up.

Wanly she thought of Linda, turned to Coburn. "I—I hope you'll let me see some of your planes fly some day," she dabbled. "They're so beautiful to look at I can't wait to see them in action."

"Honest, do you really want to?" asked Coburn eagerly. "Well, jeepers, I didn't know girls cared much about model planes. But I guess maybe you're different."

Different all right! Wait until it dawned upon him how very different she was from the hep hags. It wouldn't be long now. The wide front steps of Carlton High were cleared of couples, thank goodness! One advantage of being late. They followed coaxing music through the dim corridors, down the stairs to the gayly decorated gymnasium.

Jeanie left Coburn, went to check her coat. In the girls' room, several classmates said, "Hi, Jeanie," just as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to be here. It was, well, sort of morale-building. She saw the sight of her own flushed, surprisingly pretty face in the mirror, hazel eyes looking clear, lips smiling just right—just as if inside she weren't scared half to death. Looking at her, no one would know.

She went back to find Coburn Randall. He was standing as if graven, staring straight ahead. Her heart plumped. He wished he hadn't come! You could tell by the way he looked—sort of grim. Well, don't worry, she'd come to his rescue, after a dance or two, plead illness, ask to be taken home —and that would be that. After this Jeanie would include boys out again, retreat to her half-world. Having decided, relief soothed her. It was practically over.

"Hi," she said, joining Coby, "miss me?"

He turned. A sudden grin transformed his face. "Did I!"

Startled, Jeanie's hazel eyes met his spectacled blue ones. Why, he meant it! He had missed her and was glad she was back. He'd been shy waiting there alone, scared—just as she was. He depended on her to help him through tonight. Boys were—why, boys were people, too.

"Well," said Coburn Randall awkwardly, "I guess—" He held out his hands.

They were dancing. A little uncertainly at first, feeling each other out, then more surely—then smoothly, happily! In among other couples, part of the crowd.

Over Coby's shoulder, Jeanie caught a glimpse of Linda, formed a laughing "hello" with her lips.

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MADE-OVER MAGIC

From page 51

about what you are looking for. Sit back and take a paper and pencil and see just what is wrong with your room. Is it wallpaper? Don't bother to tear it off. With Kem-Tone you can paint right over it. Is it lack of color? Is it the dresser or bed? Can you rearrange them to look nicer? What about a few curtains? Don't start doing anything until you've gone over your sanctum with a really critical eye. You could get some help from your home decoration teacher in school —or by taking a peek at some department store windows. But do the main planning yourself. That's what makes it fun.

Then start thinking about colors. That's really important. These paints come in many pastel shades which make super smooth walls and brighten up things generally. You can get color samples from your paint shop. Take them home and study them. Be sure to give some thought to contrast colors for the furniture. For example, if your walls will be light pink, maybe a dark blue would be nice for the furniture.

When you have your colors set go buy your paint, put on a pair of old jeans and get in there and pitch. Here are a few pointers:

Be sure that your walls are fairly free of dust or loose dirt. It is not necessary to wash them but be sure that there are no cobwebs in the corners. If you find any loose wallpaper rip it off. The paint will cover the plaster and the paper so it won't show.

Now push the furniture into the center of the room and spread some newspaper on the floor along the walls. Place your gallon of paint on some newspapers, open it with a screw-driver and pour about two-thirds of your Kem-Tone into an ordinary wash bucket or large pail. Then pour a quart and a half of lukewarm water into the pail and mix it with the paint. A stick about two inches wide and 18 inches long will help you stir the paint and water so that they blend into a single mixture. Now add half a quart of water to the paint that is still in the paint can and repeat the stirring process. When you have that prepared, add it to the paint in the pail, and stir together.

A four-inch wide brush is the best means of applying Kem-Tone. Dip it about one third into the paint and then let the excess paint drip off back into the pail. A few taps against the side of the pail will help. Don't scrape it off as that hurts the bristles. Now you are ready to paint.

You can start any place but it usually helps to start at the top left of the wall and work down and to your right. You can brush up, down or sideways with this paint. When you apply a new brushful, put it on an unpainted area and work towards a painted section. This gives a more uniform coat and speeds up the job.

Hold your brush so that the handle is always higher or as high as the bristles so that the paint doesn't flow onto the handle and get your hands messy. If you do get some paint on the handle wipe it off with a rag. If you keep the handle and your hands free of paint you will be surprised at the neat job you'll do.

If you splatter any Kem-Tone on the floor or moldings wipe it up right away. If it has dried before you notice it, a damp cloth will get it off. But be careful—once Kem-Tone has fully dried and "set," it is as hard to get off as any other type paint. The manufacturers make it that way so you can wash your painted walls.

When painting close to a door frame or the floor molding, it will help if you use a piece of cardboard to keep paint off the woodwork. Just hold the cardboard at right angles to the wall flush against the wood.

When you are finished, you can clean your brush and wash pail with hot water and ordinary soap. No turpentine or thinner is required. Since Kem-Tone dries in an hour with no painty odor you can replace your furniture and sleep in your room that very night.

COMING . . .

The winners of the Soap 'n' Water*-Miss America Magazine design contest in the May issue. Watch for them!

*Reg. U.S. Patent Office

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 9

gloves. On dad's work gloves I embroidered the names of my girl friends and their 'fellas' on one hand; my favorite basketball players on the five fingers of the other hand; on one palm I have 'stop' and on the other I have 'go'. I also have the name of my school in its colors." Marilyn Hildebrand*

"If you cut the backs off your last year bunny fur mittens, you'll be able to cover your old earmuffs with them." Carolyn Blodgett

MORE SCHOOL SPIRIT

"When you go to the ball games, you will want to have a shaker to add color to the scene. Cut off about two feet of an old broom handle, cut strips of crepe paper and run a nail through them. Hammer the nail into the broom handle and you have a shaker! Rah, rah!" Harriet Stubbs

PARTY LINES

"At a recent party I had, I cut black art paper into the shape of phonograph records, and wrote the title of each in white ink, where the disc label usually is. I told each guest to bring his invitation with him—so that the boy who had 'Chattanooga Choo Choo' danced the first dance with the girl having 'Sentimental Journey'. We had loads of fun." Jean Appenfelder*

"My idea is called 'Ragged Ann'. You take a half of a tomato, which is used for a head; cloves for the eyes and a nose; a lettuce leaf (covering a scoop of tuna fish or potato salad) for the skirt. Use a raw carrot for the legs and celery for the arms." Mary R. Sullivan

MEMO TO PARENTS

"When I grow up as I'm bound
to do,
Forget I looked like Aunt Tillie,
at two,
And as an especial favor to me
Don't repeat my cute sayings of
three.
I know that as a toddler of only six
I did the most unusual tricks,
But I beg and plead and pray of
you
Remember that you were once
teen-aged too,
So, if of my childhood pranks you
must prate,
By Frankie, don't tell them to my
date!" Lois Green

*Please send us your address.

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DATA ON DATING

From page 21

a first meeting. Yet, most of the time they have worked at different studios from mine and we haven't had a chance to see each other. Girls who go to parties often meet the same situation. They can't seem to get together with a boy who interests them. In my case, several times such boys have found my telephone number through friends and called me up. They have said, "Miss Haver, I haven't met you but I saw you at a party last week. A friend gave me your number and I hope you don't mind my calling. If you don't think I'm too presumptuous I'd like very much to take you out some evening soon." Anyone who was that frank with me would certainly be all right, and I'd definitely accept.

Can you tell about a boy from his telephone call? When a boy whom I don't know well calls me up, I always listen carefully to the way he talks—whether he's nervous and talks fast or too slow, the kind of grammar he uses, the way he approaches the actual asking for a date. A cocky, ill-mannered boy on a telephone is almost always a dull date.

Should you ever excuse last minute calls for dates? I can't stand boys who call at the last minute for dates. Once a boy called me to ask me to a dinner party. I asked him when it was and he said, "Tonight." I wasn't busy at all but I said I had another engagement. There's hardly ever an excuse for a last minute date. And the boy who tries it is obviously not sincere and is merely playing the field. In the same way, I think a boy should arrive on time for a date. If he says he'll be at your house at eight, he should arrive then.

Is it ever advisable to break a date? It took me just one experience to learn I should never break a date. I was all dated up for an evening when a chap I liked called and asked me to go out. So I called the other boy and said I couldn't see him that night because I wasn't feeling well. And as always happens, I saw him at the same restaurant that evening. I felt very silly and embarrassed being with another boy when I was supposed to be ill. I think you're always caught with your lie when you break a date. Definitely, any boy who breaks a date is someone you're much better away from. He not only lacks consideration but he lacks sincerity.

What courtesies should a boy pay you on a first date? I think a boy coming for his first date should spend some time with your parents. If the mother or father can't answer the door, the girl should greet her date. It's nice then to introduce him to her parents. And here is where to tell what a boy is really like. If he dislikes sitting down and talking to your folks for a few minutes, if he says instead, "We have to go—we're late," I wouldn't think he was a very good choice.

Should a boy plan the evening? Usually on a first date the boy has everything planned. That's as it should be. But after that first date, the girl can occasionally tell him where she'd like to go.

Should a boy expect a good-night kiss? I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that on a first date, the boy shouldn't expect a girl to kiss him. He's selfish and he certainly has no respect for you if he makes an issue of it.

Should a boy insist on parking? I don't like any date who slyly tries to take a girl to some dark road to park. Any girl who says she doesn't want to stop and that she must go home deserves consideration. And a boy who refuses to do as she asks on this matter is the worst possible kind of a date.

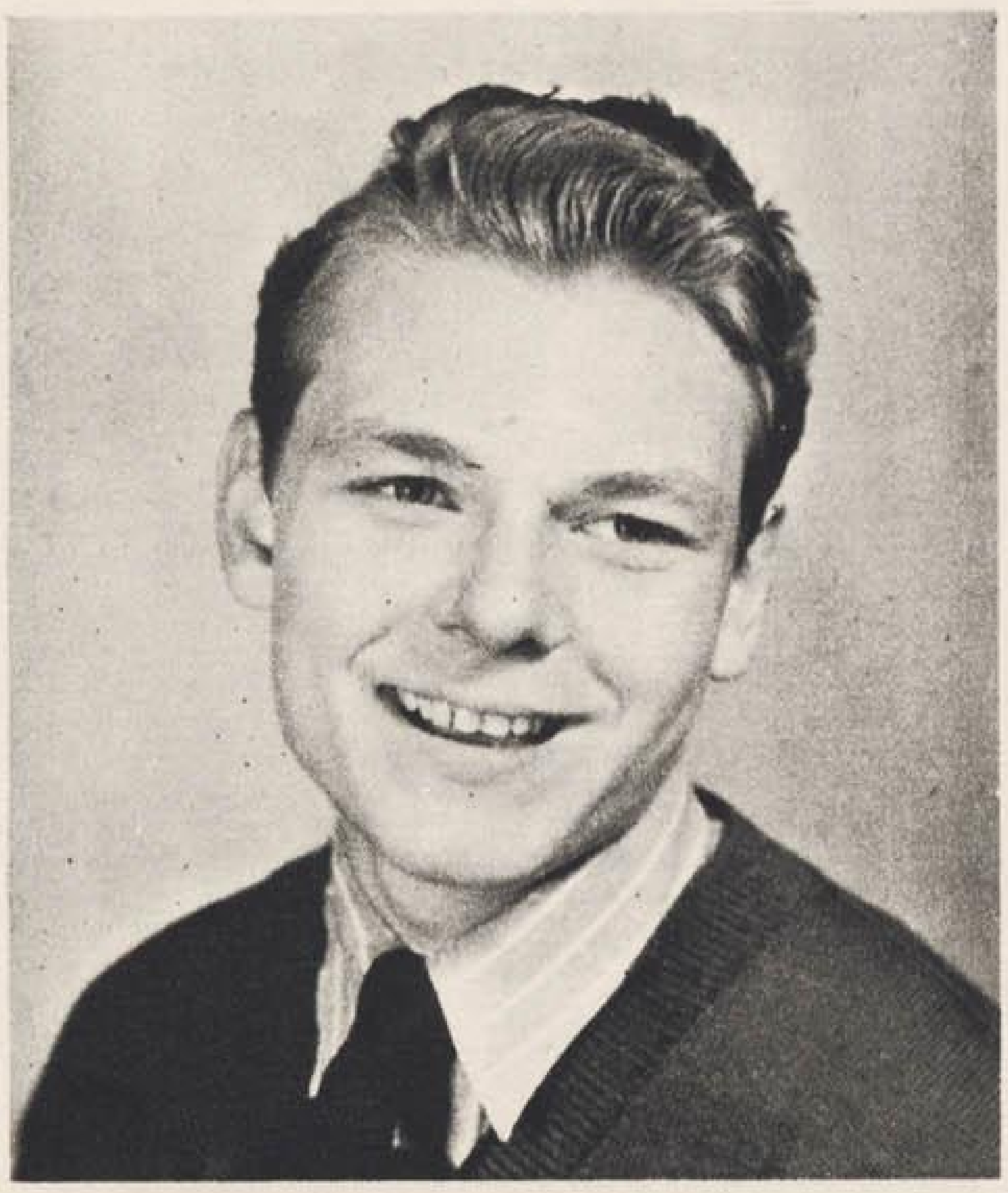
Are parents good judges of dates? I think as a rule it's wise for a girl to listen to her parents' views about a boy. Most of them are fair enough to see his good points. Of course, there are the possessive mothers who never like any of their daughters' dates. I think in such cases the girl should make it quite clear that she likes the boy and wants to be with him—then make her parents realize the qualities she admires.

Does a boy give himself away in his conversation? Every boy reveals his true self in his conversation—and a girl should listen to him on a first date especially. She can then find out what he thinks about, what his interests are, and his ideals. She shouldn't only talk about herself!

If you listen to a boy long enough and forget yourself, you can soon find out whether he's just a cocky, conceited no-good or a person you'd like to know better. He's certainly a bad bet if he yips about the dates he has. That's merely an amateurish attempt to make you jealous.

Can you tell about a date by his dancing? Definitely. If he's an exhibitionist and takes over the floor, he's likely to be an exhibitionist about other things. If he holds you too closely, you can tab him pretty well.

While a good date should be a good dancer, he's still all right if he's not so terrific but is willing to learn. A girl should never make remarks about a boy's poor dancing and she shouldn't ignore him, flirt with the piano player or with others on the floor. She owes her date courtesy too.



DATA ON DATE-BAIT: Name—Jackie Ayres; Age-Teen; Occupation-Thespian! That's right. Jackie's making his screen debut in Federal Films' production "Carnegie Hall," which is released through United Artists. Watch for him!

When you go to the movies, how should your date act? When I go to the movies, I don't like to spend my time with a boy who either talks during the show or who wants to spend his time petting. I don't think it's bad to hold hands if you like each other, but I don't approve of a boy's putting his arm around a girl in a theatre. It's in bad taste.

Is it necessary for a date to tell the girl where they're going for the evening? I like to be told just enough so I'll at least know how to dress. Several times I've been all dressed only to find the boy arrive in a T-shirt and slacks. I always had to rush up and change. That's being inconsiderate, I think.

Should a boy want to be with the girl's friends? Any boy who is sincerely interested in the girl will want to see her friends and get to know them. It's only when he knows the people she likes that he really knows her.

If you've had an argument, under what conditions should you agree to go out with him again? If the boy is sincere in his apology and doesn't treat the whole affair lightly, I don't think it hurts for the girl to see him again. But if he kids about the fight and acts as though he knew you were waiting for him to call, I'd say you'd better stay clear of him. He'll be the demanding type soon. Incidentally, it's not amiss for the girl to apologize, either, if she's wrong.

How can you prevent the boy from getting too serious? If a boy gets too serious and you're not ready for any such thing, be honest and tell him that he'll have to give you time or that you're not interested in being serious. If he accepts this decision, he's all right, but if he argues about it and tries to make you feel differently, he's someone to avoid. He's undoubtedly the type who gets unreasonably jealous—and he's generally emotionally unstable.

Is a shy boy a good date? Ordinarily, an exceptionally shy boy is not a good date. You can never get to know him well. However, a girl can try to get him to forget his shyness by talking to him about his interests, by trying to find out what he likes, by drawing him out. Once she gets a shy boy talking about himself, a girl has done a good job.

How about the boy who drinks? If a boy starts ordering drinks on a date and won't stop when you ask him to, call a taxi and go home by yourself. I do believe in "mad money." Or you can call your parents to come get you, telling them exactly what happened. I don't think any boy who drinks to excess—or who swears in a girl's presence—is one who has much strength of character.

Such is my date code. Check the questions and see how good a date yours is. Happy dating!

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HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 6

wire you could almost see that rugged, stubborn set of his jaw. "Tomorrow is Sadie Hawkins Day. If we men are going to be chased by you girls, it has to be on the proper day." Admittedly, he was right, so we agreed.

Kay Swift, musical composer, lives at the top of the hill on Yokum Street, so we started there. About 50 other kids and neighbors comprised the citizens of Dog Patch and Skunk Hollow.

Steve (as Li'l Abner, aided by others, of course!) cooked 30 pounds of pork chops, which were served up at every door, with turnip greens and beans. After lunch the big Sadie Hawkins race was started. Fay McKenzie was the lucky gal who finally caught Li'l Abner, and she was presented with a newly-born puppy dog from a litter born that week on Yokum Street. The fun went on and on!

The other evening at Ciro's, who walks in, but Van! When someone asked the usually very quiet and bashful Van if he'd sing a number with the orchestra, he obliged with "Somewhere In The Night." After all, Van has not been taking lessons and singing in the movies for nothing!

Lon McCallister's hobby is discovering new little restaurants, and since he's mentioned the "Cricket-on-the-Hearth" about town, ex-*Winged Victory* pals meet there regularly. The night before Lon left for a New York personal appearance tour, he took Cathy Downs to this spot for cheese blintzes. But we heard that Lon called his favorite date, Peggy Ann Garner, via long-distance, which was some thrill for Peggy!

To the Hollywood fan magazine photog's ball at Ciro's, with Sonny Tufts, who wore a real, honest-to-goodness diver's suit. Kurt Kreuger, wearing black and white stripes, explained he wasn't a convict—but "a prisoner of love."

And that's Hollywood!

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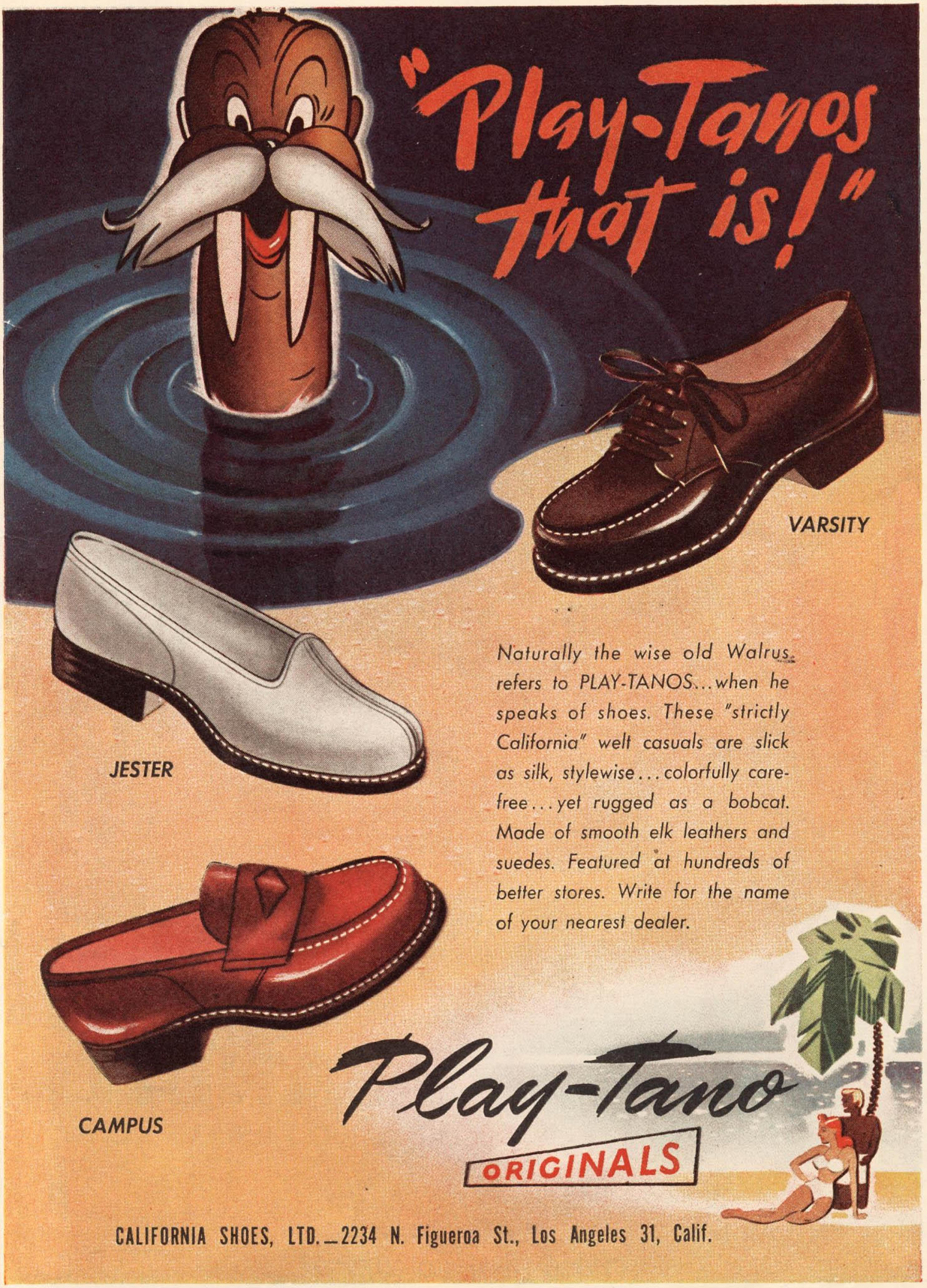

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